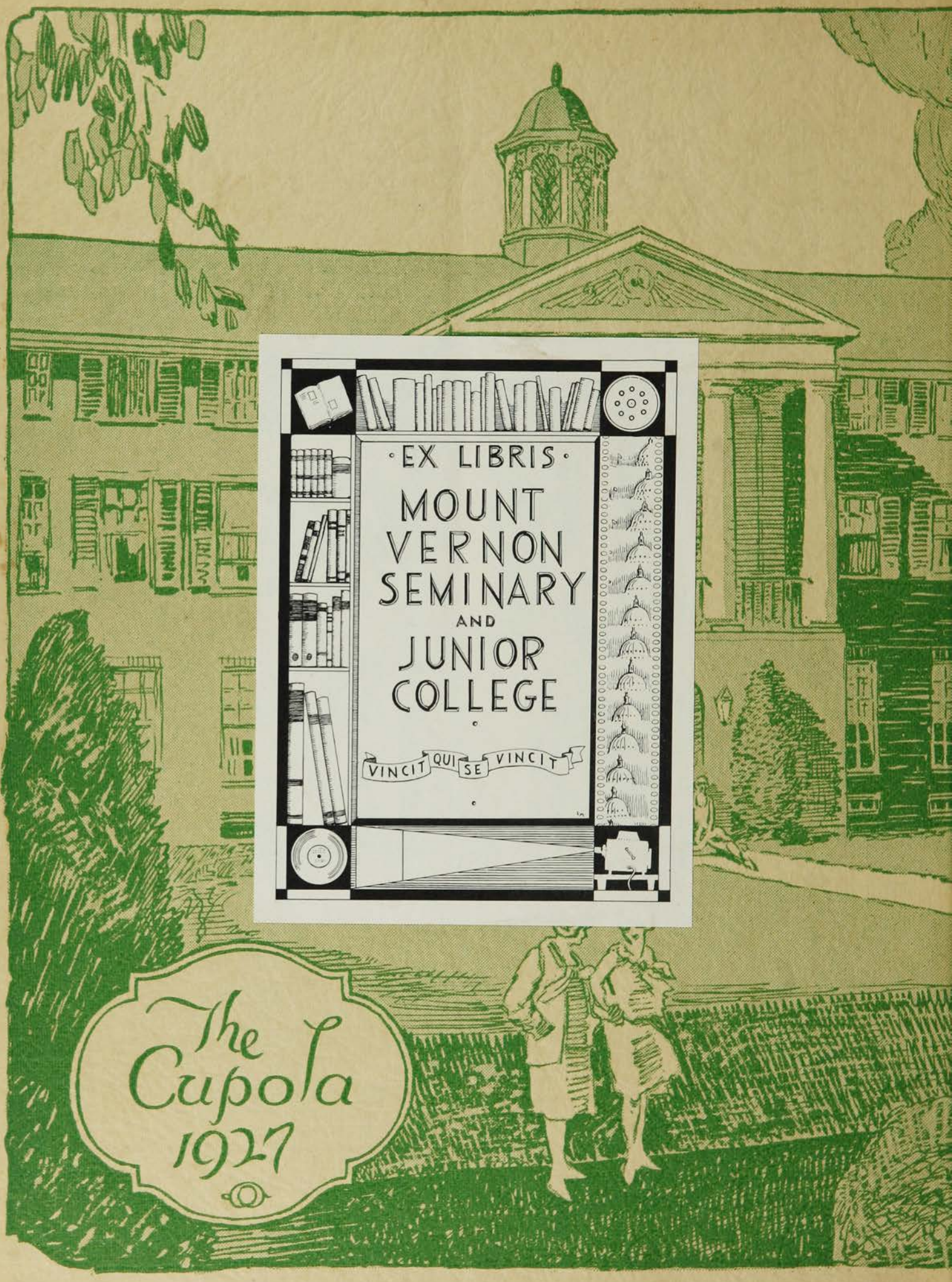
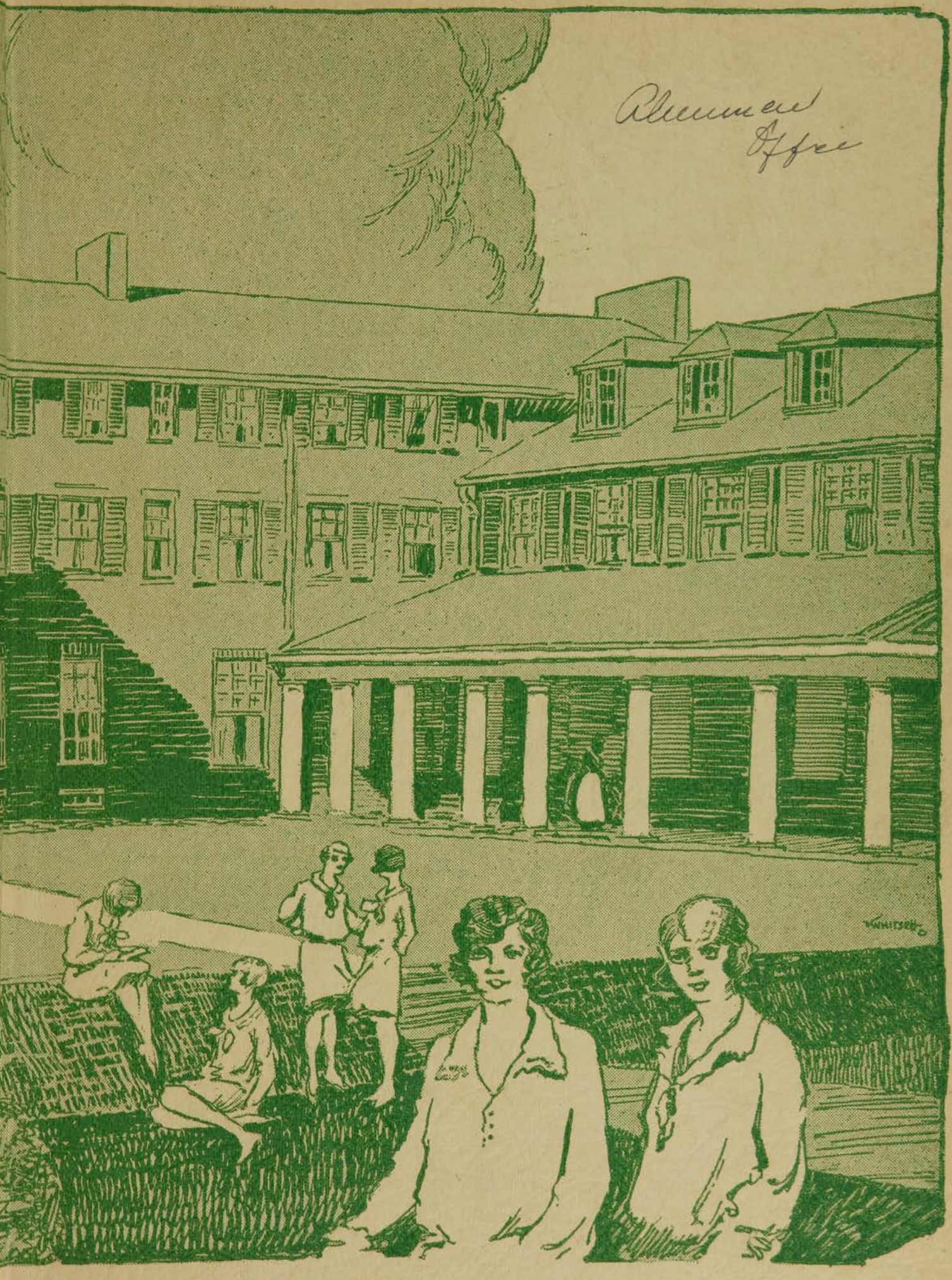
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# The Cupola 1927

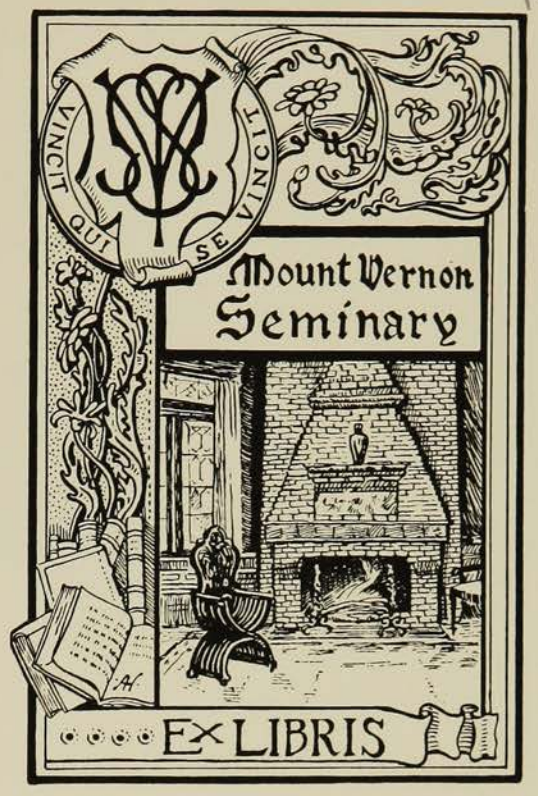


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VOL. V

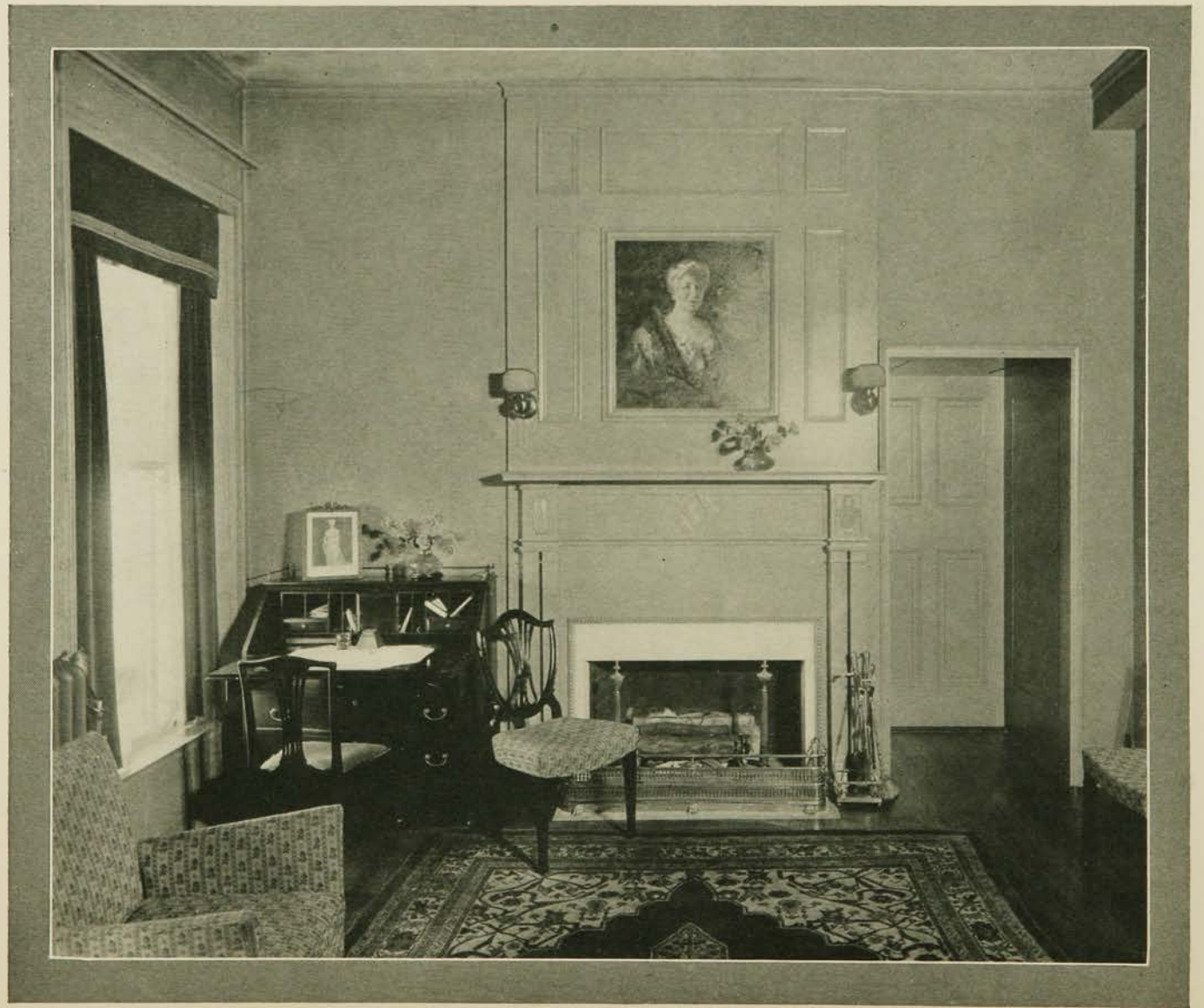
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# Editorial

Considering our Alma Mater in her capacity as a generous donor, we find that not an hour passes that does not bring with it some gift from her, though at the time we may not be aware of it. We are given opportunities by the score for development of mind and body; we are given work; we are given play. But the greatest of all these is the ever-present opportunity to make friends. The value of this gift may be represented by an "x," as its amount is unknown, depending upon the eagerness of each girl to accept it, and upon the extent to which she makes use of it.

Every activity which invites our time and attention has a social aspect the development of which far excels in importance the generally-recognized accomplishment of that activity; namely, the contact it gives us with each other. The Ingenuity Contests, for example, illustrate this. The enjoyment of the performance by the audience is not to be compared with the pleasure which the girls who are contesting have had in working with their respective classmates. Thus the value of the performance is infinitesimal compared with the possibilities of friendship that have been afforded during the time of frantic preparation. For association with a girl in a practical task will reveal her true self to an extent which never could be discovered by observation. Her sportsmanship, her sense of responsibility, or perhaps nothing more than her power of understanding, wins our admiration and, before we know it, the foundation for a friendship. The same is true, in varying degrees, in all our studies and sports; in fact, we are literally swamped with opportunities for forming these priceless ties.

So swamped are we, indeed, that unfortunately many pass by unused. I do not know of anything that impresses me more as the days go by than the number of attractive, intelligent, worth-while girls with whom it is our privilege to associate. And yet some of us are content with narrowing our little circles of friends until the circles are scarcely more extensive than a dot—one single co-mate! It is this girl who is the least appreciative of her Alma Mater's gift. Doubtless time, common interest or purposes, or other forces bring about a deeper devotion to those of our particular group. Herd tendencies, we are told, are natural animal instincts. The point is, however, that it is a grave error for us to confine ourselves entirely to this narrow scope and not make a conscious effort to enlarge it.

"One attached to another by affection, regard, or esteem"—that is Mr. Webster's definition of a friend. Perhaps we differ; perhaps we agree. At any rate the matter is worth pondering. Ponder, then, and see how many friends you can boast. The result will be a revelation to you.

—Janet Gardner, *Editor-in-Chief*







# Faculty

Miss Jean Dean Cole
Miss Wilfrida Messenger
Miss Katharine Hill
Miss Frances DeVilla Ball
Miss Margaret Barber
Mrs. Annie M. Baylis
Miss Catherine S. Blakeslee
Mrs. Edythe Marmion Brosius
Miss Beulah James Carpenter
Miss Frances Chickering
Miss Constance Churchyard
Miss Alice E. Edwards
Miss Rebekah Elting
Miss Dora Guille Faulkner
Miss Maude Frances
Miss Elizabeth Gladman
Miss Bess Grove
Miss J. Lorna Guard
Miss Katharine Cockrell Hall
Miss Mildred Hanna
Miss Elizabeth Alger Hillyar
Miss Alice B. Hopkins
Miss Marian Kleps
Mrs. Charlotte Guard McAllister
Miss Blanche MacAuley
Miss Louise J. Martin
Mlle. Jeanne Moule de la Raitrie
Mrs. Netta C. Murphey
Mrs. Adela Kleinschmidt-Payne
Mme. Eleanore Peltier
Miss Elsa Louise Raner
Mrs. Alys M. Rickett
Miss Margaret M. Slauson
Miss Alice M. Trippett
Miss Harriet B. Walker
Miss Marion Wallace





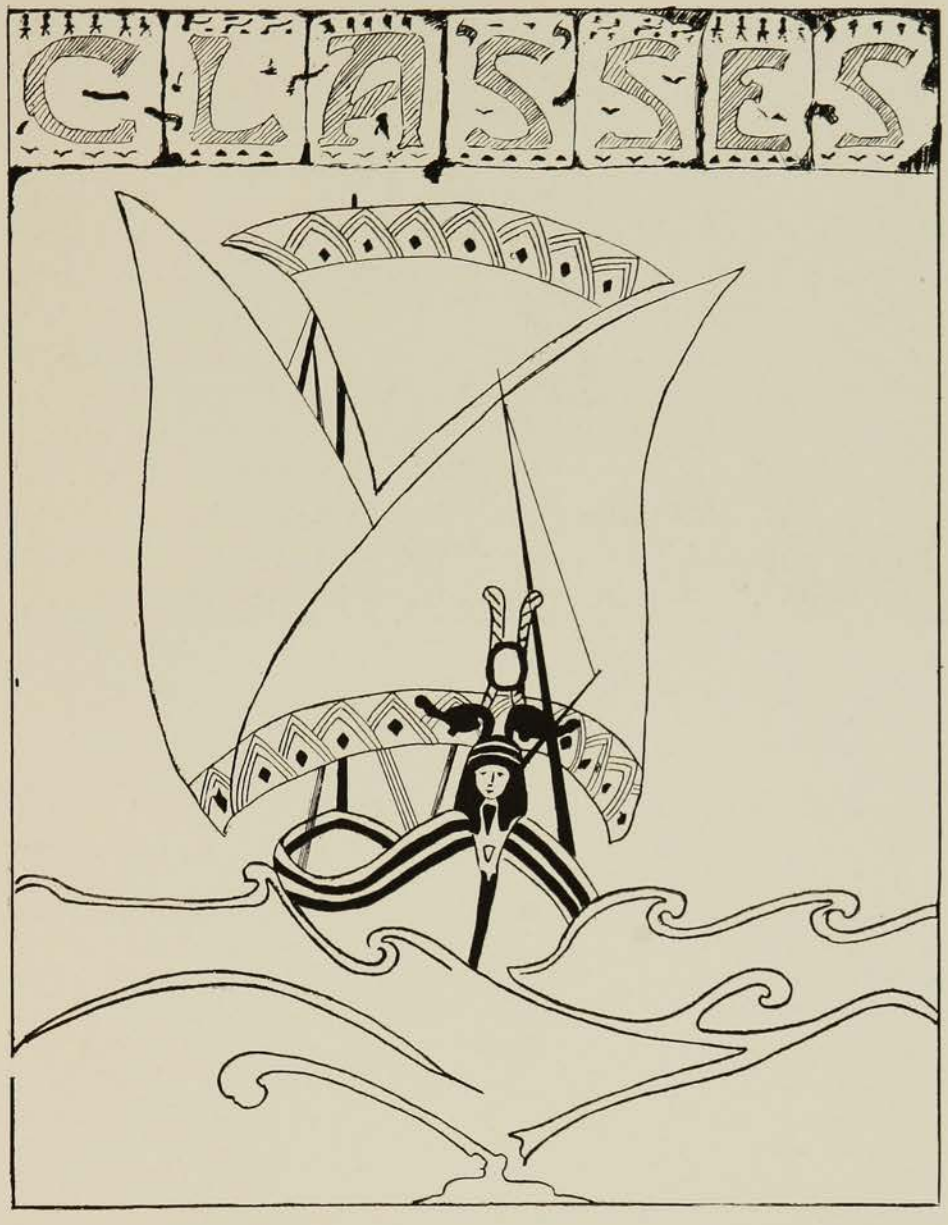


# Cupola Staff

| | |
|---|---|
| Miss Carpenter<br>Miss Churchyard | *Faculty Advisers* |
| Janet Gardner | *Editor-in-Chief* |
| Marie Horst | *Assistant Editor* |
| Mary Cunningham | *Advertising Manager* |
| Margaret Meyer | *Business Manager* |
| Madge Jarratt | *Literary Editor* |
| Esther Goetz | *Assistant Literary Editor* |
| Kathleen Sheldon | *Art Editor* |
| Betty-Wynn Rugee | *Athletic Editor* |
| Martha Gallagher | *Assistant Athletic Editor* |
| Miriam Grosvenor | *Joke Editor* |
| Edna Sherman | *Dramatic Editor* |
| Jane Armstrong | *Photograph Editor* |






CLASSES





Miss Constance Churchyard
*Class Adviser*

# Senior Class

*Class Motto:* "Achieve the Honorable" *Class Flower:* Claude Pernet Rose

## CLASS OFFICERS

| | |
|---|---|
| Katherine Ferguson | *President* |
| Louise Wende | *Vice-President* |
| Jane Armstrong | *Secretary* |
| Mary Cunningham | *Treasurer* |

Mary Adams
Jane Armstrong
Elizabeth Council
Mary Cunningham
Palmer Dallis
Gretchen Dishong
Odessa Erhard
Katherine Ferguson
Janet Gardner
Katherine Hawkes
Madge Jarrett
Lois Lasater
Beatrice Masterson
Wilmo McFarland
Janet McKinney
Margaret Meyer
Jane Oliva
Frances Price
Kathleen Sheldon
Genevieve Stewart
Evaline Thompson
Dorothy Thomson

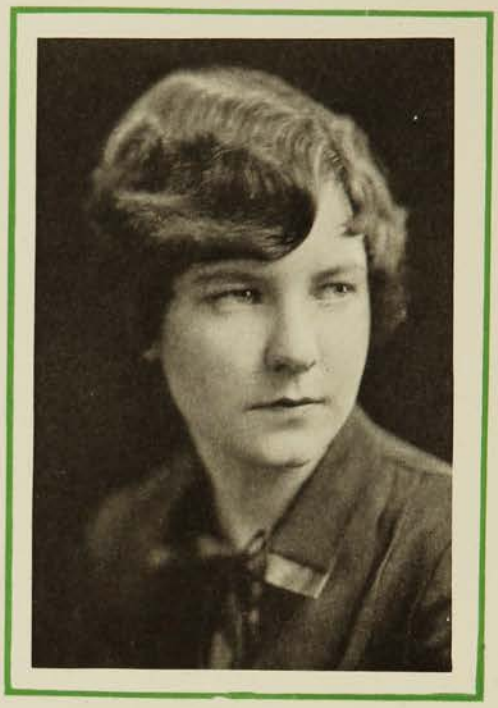
Louise Wende











MARY ADAMS

"*Lill*"

Oakland, California

*Two Years*

Optima, '27
Class Basketball Team, '25, '26
Dramatics, '27
Commencement Play, '26
Secretary of Board of Tea House Directors, '27
Junior Gym Team, '26

IMPRESSION

*Deep sea eyes.*
*A sailor's roll.*
*Chipmunks.*
*Jolly joviality.*
"*Soundings.*"
"*A student in arms.*"







JANE ARMSTRONG
Oakland, California

*Two Years*

Optima, '27
Photograph Editor, '27
Secretary of Senior Class, '27
Tea House Board of Directors, '27

IMPRESSION

*The Sphinx.*
*Silent wisdom.*
*Still waters, etc.*
*Watch-the-Birdie-Jane.*
*Benevolent Buddha.*







ELIZABETH COUNCIL

"*Liz*"

Americus, Georgia

*Four Years*

President of Yellow Class, '24
Secretary of Junior Class, '26
Glee Club, '27
Choir, '27
President of Domestic Science Board of Directors, '27
Dramatics, '26, '27

IMPRESSION

*Lotus eaters.*
*Exquisite manners and exquisitely mannered!*
*Southern languor.*
*A dimple and a drawl.*
*Charter member of the Stewart Council League.*
*Figs from Thistles.*







MARY CUNNINGHAM

Evanston, Illinois

*Four Years*

President of White Class, '25
President of French Club, '27
President of Red Cross Council, '26
President of Athletic Association, '27
Treasurer of White Class, '24
Treasurer of Junior Class, '26
Treasurer of Senior Class, '27
Treasurer of French Club, '26
White Class Basketball, '24, '25
Junior Basketball, '26
Varsity Team, '24, '25, '27
Captain Varsity Basketball, '25, '26, '27
Captain Junior Basketball, '26
Captain Senior Basketball, '27
Athletic Medal, '24, '25, '26
Swimming Team, '23, '24, '25
Baseball Team, '23, '24
Athletic Editor of CUPOLA, '26
Advertising Manager of CUPOLA, '27
French Club, '25, '26, '27
Dramatics, '25, '26, '27

IMPRESSION

*Windy heights.*
*Humorously quizzical.*
*Magnetism refined.*
*Versatility.*
*A Valkyrie.*
*The Amazon.*
*Energy plus.*







PALMER DALLIS
Atlanta, Georgia

*Two Years*

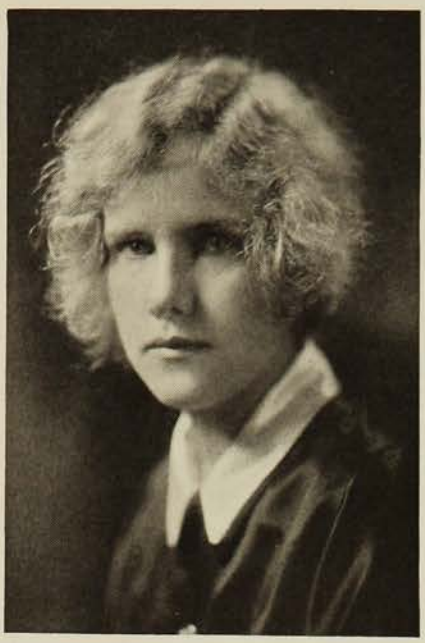
Optima, '27
Junior Basketball, '26
Senior Basketball, '27
Manager of Junior Swimming Team, '26
Varsity Basketball Team, '27
Joke Editor of CUPOLA, '26

IMPRESSION

*1927's Comedy.*
*Do-all; dare-all.*
*Unfussable.*
*Droll.*
*Comic strip cut-up.*
*"Hall Portions."*
*Bull Terrier.*







GRETCHEN DISHONG

"*Gretch*"

Omaha, Nebraska

*Two Years*

Optima, '26, '27
Choir, '25, '26
Glee Club, '26
Dramatics, '26
President of Lend-a-Hand Society, '26, '27

IMPRESSION

*Curly locks.*
*Simplicity.*
*"Little Lord Fauntleroy."*
*Battle-dore and Shuttle-cock.*
*Yellow and white daisies.*







ODESSA ERHARD

"*Odie*"

Glassport, Pennsylvania

*Two Years*

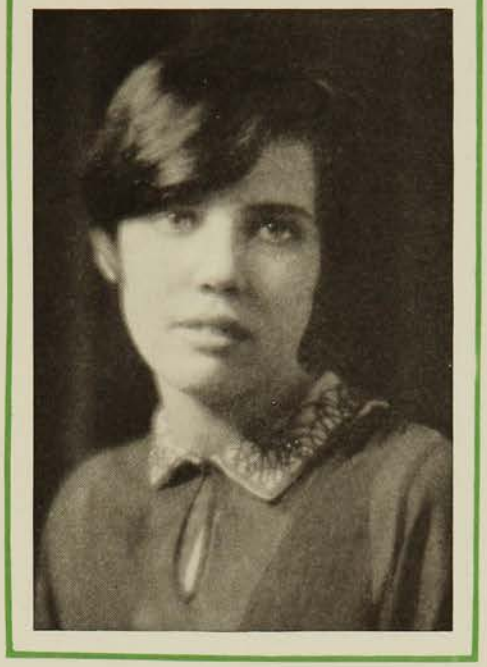
Optima, '27
Glee Club, '26, '27
Choir, '27

IMPRESSION

*Happy-go-lucky.*
*Comedy of Manners.*
*Black orchids.*
"*The Song and Dance Man.*"
*Steadfast.*







KATHRYN FERGUSON

"*Kay*"

Coraopolis Heights, Pennsylvania

*Six Years*

Optima, '27
President of Senior Class, '27
Glee Club, '22, '23, '24, '25, '26
Yellow Class
Vice-President of Glee Club, '25
Dramatics, '27
Choir, '22, '23, '24, '25, '26
Junior-Senior Banquet Speech, '27

IMPRESSION

"*Ma.*"
*Gaelic wit.*
*Sarcasm served smilingly.*
*Effective.*
*Elusive charm.*
*The Lady of the High C's.*
*Keeper of the M. V. S. conscience.*







JANET GARDNER

*"Jan"*

St. Louis, Missouri

*Two Years*

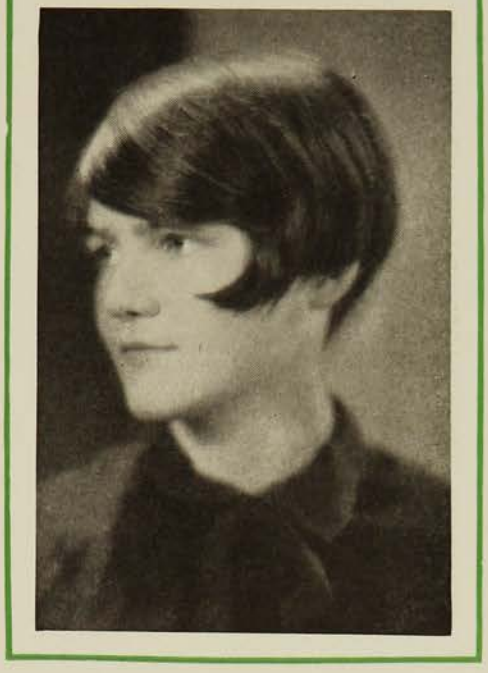
Optima, '27
Editor-in-Chief of CUPOLA, '27
Assistant Literary Editor of CUPOLA, '26
Glee Club, '26
Dramatics, '27
Walking Club, '27
Junior-Senior Banquet Speech, '27
Commencement Play, '27

IMPRESSION

*Clever buffoonery.*
*The Jester.*
*Concealed cleverness.*
*"Moues."*
*Veiled shafts—or barbed wire—or something.*







KATHERINE HAWKES

"*Kay*"

Corning, New York

*Two Years*

Senior Basketball Team, '27
Junior Swimming Team, '26

IMPRESSION

*The good Samaritan.*
*"Ad astra per aspera."*
*Punch.*
*Dolphins.*
*Our next bet for the Channel.*
*Everlasting fire.*







MADGE JARRATT
San Antonio, Texas

*Two Years*

White Class.
Dramatics, '26
Literary Editor of CUPOLA, '27

IMPRESSION

*Moss roses and golden sand.*
*Pierrot mouth.*
*Honey-warm voice.*
*Sophistication.*
*"All the Sad Young Men."*







LOIS LASATER
San Antonio, Texas

*Two Years*

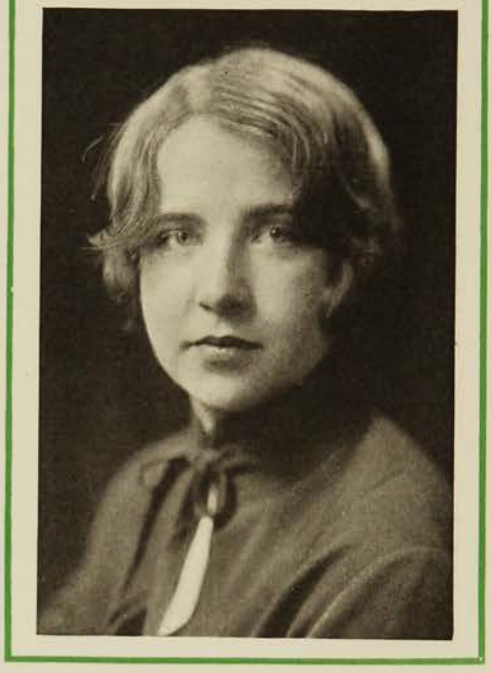
Optima, '26, '27
Choir, '26, '27
Glee Club, '26
Dramatics, '26, '27

IMPRESSION

*Beige and ivory.*
*Titian.*
*Doves.*
*Infinite gentleness.*
"*The Romantic Lady.*"







BEATRICE MASTERSON

"*Bootsie*"

San Antonio, Texas

*Two Years*

Dramatics, '26, '27
Choral Club, '26
Choir Mistress, '27
Optima, '27
Swimming Team, '26

IMPRESSION

*Choir caps and caroling.*
*Good nature, eagerness, interest.*
*Sunshine and laughing waters.*
*Bigger and Better Bootsies.*







WILMA McFARLAND
Omaha, Nebraska

*Two Years*

Junior Gym Team, '26
French Club, '26, '27
Glee Club, '26, '27
Choir, '26, '27
Optima, '26, '27
Dramatics, '26, '27
Treasurer of Lend-A-Hand Society, '27
Class Poet, '27

IMPRESSION

"*Cherie.*"
*Dim lights, soft music, night wind.*
*Summer.*
*The Age of Innocence.*
*Gardenia—white and fragile.*
*Kitten on the Keys.*
*Sugar-coated intelligence.*
*The Painful Pessimist.*







JANET McKINNEY
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

*Two Years*

Class Basketball, '27
Secretary of Lend-A-Hand Society, '27

IMPRESSION

*Olive groves.*
*Perfect poise.*
*Black-eyed Susans.*
*Why not Brunettes?*







MARGARET MEYER

"*Maggie*"

Buffalo, New York

*Two Years*

Optima, '26, '27
Vice-President of Optima, '27
Business Manager of CUPOLA, '27
Dramatics, '27
Junior Gym Team, '26

IMPRESSION

*The Confidence Lady.*
*Efficiency expert.*
*The wearing of the green.*
*A friend in need.*
*Permanently raving.*
*Endless generosity.*







JANE OLIVER
Los Angeles, California

*Two Years*

Walking Club, '27
Dramatics, '27
Chairman of Property Committee, '27

IMPRESSION

*Exclamation points.*
*"The Beloved Vagabond."*
*Golden Glint.*
*California poppies.*
*Puns and parables.*







FRANCES PRICE

"*Frannie*"

Montclair, New Jersey

*Two Years*

Dramatics, '27
Yellow Class.

IMPRESSION

*An angel unaware.*
*Crinoline days.*
*Subtlety.*
*Pale gold and amber.*
*Mrs. Santa Claus.*







KATHLEEN SHELDON

"*Katie*"

St. Louis, Missouri

*Two Years*

Optima, '27
Walking Club, '26, '27
President of Walking Club, '27
French Club, '26
Senior Basketball Team, '27
Varsity Basketball Team, '27
Dramatics, '27
Art Editor of CUPOLA, '27
Junior-Senior Banquet Speech, '27

IMPRESSION

*Wind-blown.*
*Bacchante.*
*Gold and bottle green.*
*Sketch books.*
*Narcissus.*
"*The Constant Nymph.*"







GENEVIEVE STEWART

*"Toad"*

Flint, Michigan

*Five Years*

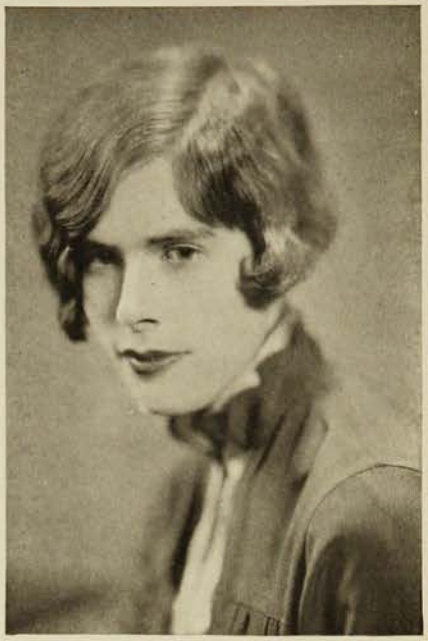
President of Optima, '27
President of Junior Class, '26
President of Yellow Class, '23
Secretary of Yellow Class, '22
Optima, '24, '25, '26, '27
Choir, '27
Glee Club, '23, '25
French Club, '25
Swimming Team, '22, '23, '24
Regent of M. V. S. Society, '27
Dramatics, '23, '24, '25, '26, '27
Junior-Senior Banquet Speech, '26
Cheer Leader, '27
Vice-President of Optima, '25
Business Manager of CUPOLA, '23

IMPRESSION

*Dignity.*
*A frank mystery.*
*Graciously graceful.*
*Gracefully gracious.*
*Cheerleader Extraordinaire.*
*An Optimist.*
*A sword in a velvet sheath.*







EVALINE THOMPSON

"*Evie*"

Everett, Washington

*Two Years*

Walking Club, '27
Choral Club, '26

IMPRESSION

*Enigma.*
*West winds.*
"*The Importance of Being Earnest.*"
*Belligerent playfulness.*







DOROTHY THOMSON

"*Dot*"

San Antonio, Texas

*Two Years*

Optima, '26, '27
Treasurer of Optima, '27

IMPRESSION

*Young hopeful.*
*The Texas Ranger.*
*Winnowed wisdom.*
*Halos.*







LOUISE WENDE

"*Wende*"

Buffalo, New York

*Two Years*

Vice-President of Senior Class, '27
Commencement Play, '26, '27
Dramatics, '26, '27
Junior Gym Team Captain, '26
Monologuist Junior-Senior Banquet, '26
Walking Club, '27

IMPRESSION

*Moonlight and roses.*
*The Princess in the Tower.*
*Prom-time and June-time.*
*Blue skies.*
*Snow and daffodils.*
*Nell Brinkley girls.*
*Ingenue.*
*What Gentlemen Prefer.*





# Senior Class Song—1927

*Words by* Beulah Carpenter *Music by* Frances DeV. Ball

Now we've reached far down in the depths of our hearts
And we've gathered there a song;
In the days we are living we are framing the morrow,
And thy wisdom is tuning our song.
M. V. S. M. V. S. M. V. S. Here's to you!
What is thy wish that thy children should do?

May we look behind with no cowardly eye,
But fare up the way with the head held high,
May we work with a will,
And forever hold a love that is
Lasting for Green and Gold.
May we rev'rent be and tol'rant, kind,
And serve as we go with an open mind;
May we search till we find what beauty can do,
May we strive for the truth and love it, too,
May we pledge these in honor, and hold them true.
M. V. S. M. V. S. M. V. S. Here's to you!

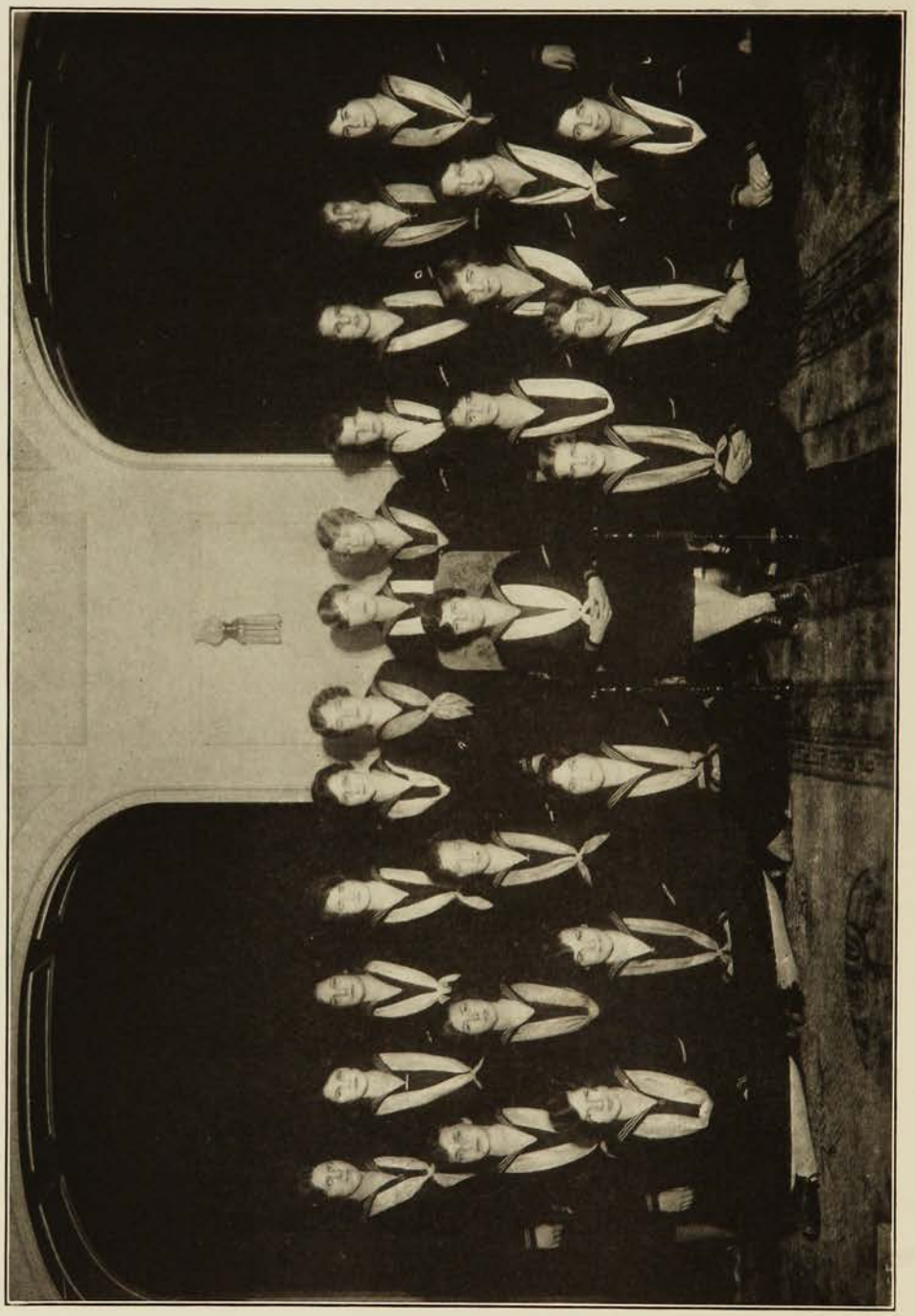
These are the things that thy children must do.

. . . . . .

Now we've reached far down in the depths of our hearts
And we've gathered this song;
When the days of the past have builded a morrow,
May we send back to thee our world-tried song.











Miss Beulah James Carpenter
*Class Adviser*

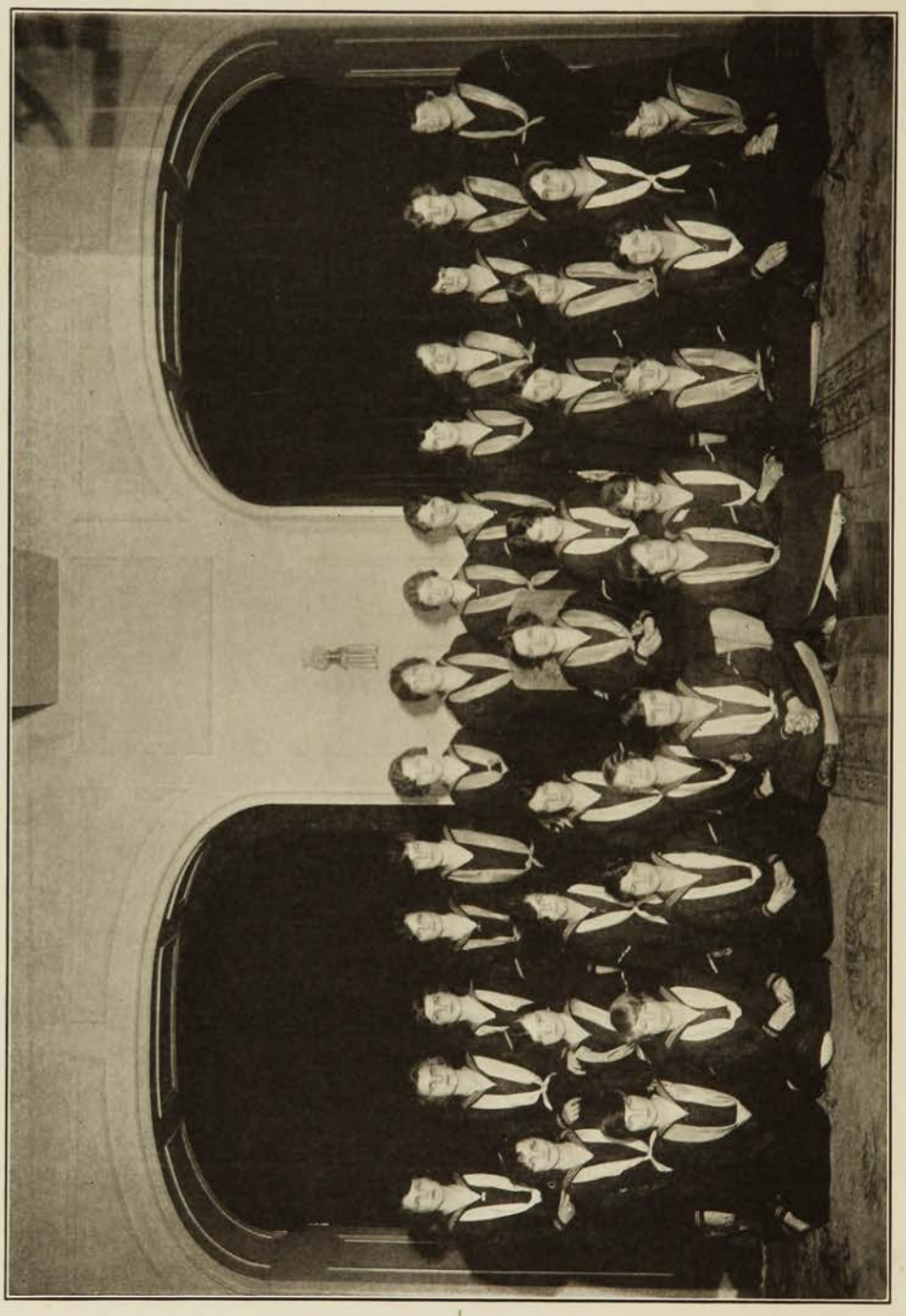
# Junior Class

| | |
|---|---|
| Elizabeth Roberts | *President* |
| Marie Horst | *Vice-President* |
| Martha Gallagher | *Secretary* |
| Lois Christman | *Treasurer* |

Margaret Alves
Katherine Archibald
Lois Christman
Faith Decker
Catherine Evatt
Martha Fitton
Martha Gallagher
Esther Goetz
Miriam Grosvenor
Josephine Hall
Eleanor Hammer
Mary Alicia Harper
Virginia Harris
Anne Hearne
Marguerite Herrick
Shirley Hobbins
Marie Horst
Elizabeth Johnston
Eileen Lafferty
Eleanor Miller
Mary Pope
Jane Quilhot
Dorothea Sigel
Elizabeth Roberts
Edna Sherman
Elizabeth Sherwood
Anne Ella Slaughter
Rowena Thom
Eleanor Voorhees
Virginia Walsen











Miss Rebekah Elting
*Class Adviser*

# White Class

| | |
|---|---|
| Margaret M. Smith | *President* |
| Beatrice Pier | *Vice-President* |
| Jeanne Gilchrist | *Treasurer* |
| Grace Smith | *Secretary* |

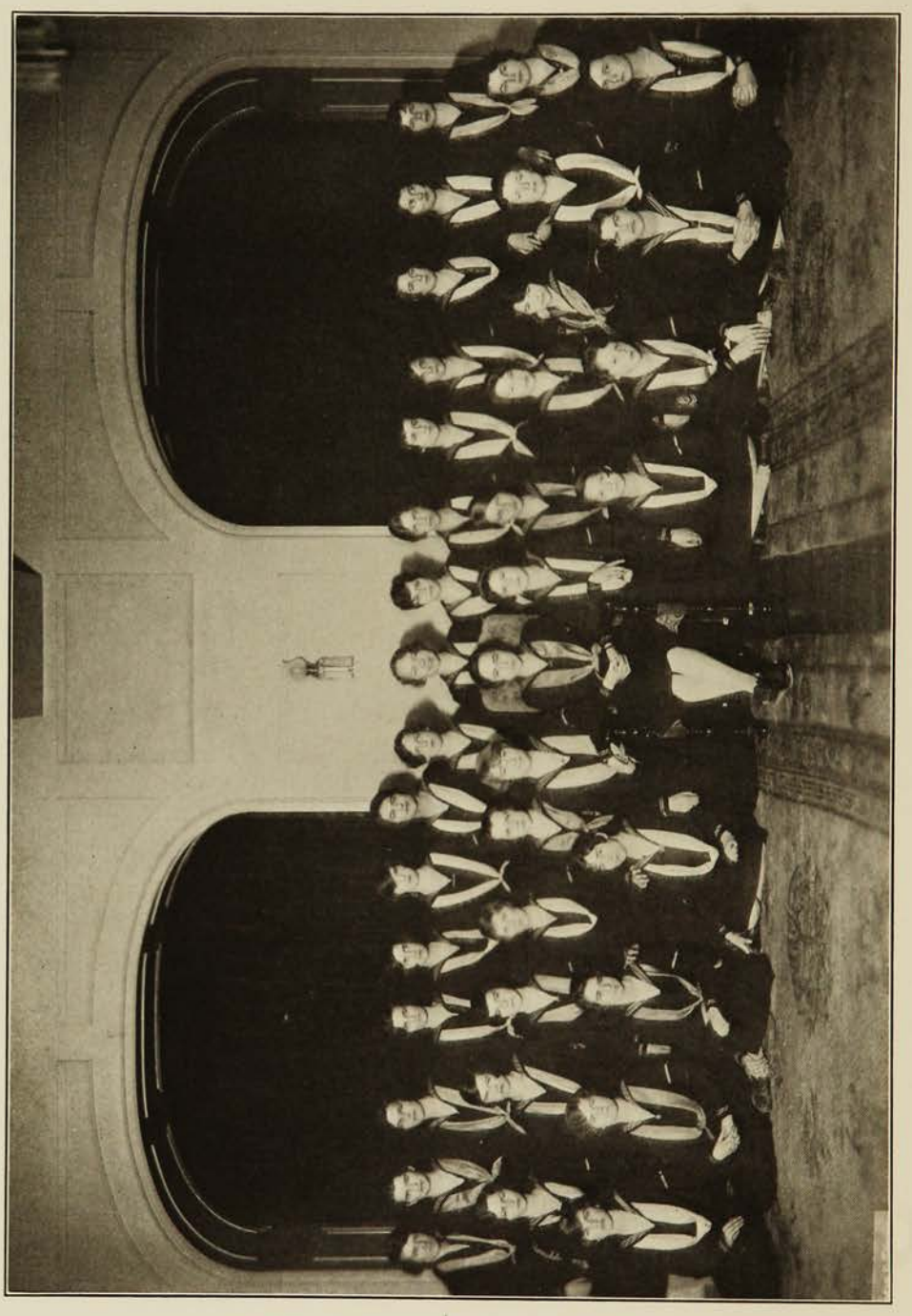
Beatrice Austin
Carol Bagby
Sue Beckwith
Eleanor Bessell
Elizabeth Born
Frances Bosworth
Laura Brown
Eugenie Brumley
Ruth Crabbs
Helen Dawes
Katherine Dominick
Louise Dickson
Nancy Dougherty

Betty Emery
Pauline Fairbanks
Eleanor French
Jeanne Gilchrist
Helen Groetzinger
Alice Hand
Flora Hollingsworth
Margaret Johnson
Frances Johnston
Constance Jones
Alice Cary Kimball
Georgia Lloyd
Marjorie Mallory
Agnes Morris

Rebecca Morris
Daisy Parsons
Beatrice Pier
Louise Quarles
Louise Raynor
Louise Redfield
Jean Redich
Beatrice Rice
Ann Robinson
Grace Smith
Margaret Smith
Jean Spens
Laurene Walker











Miss Harriet B. Walker
*Class Adviser*

# Yellow Class

| | |
|---|---|
| Georgia Hencken | *President* |
| Janet Gailey | *Vice-President* |
| Katharine Bavinger | *Treasurer* |
| Barbara Baird | *Secretary* |

Mary Louise Ackley
Martha Alexander
Arney Anderson
Barbara Baird
Katharine Bavinger
Eugenie Bournique
Jessie Burnam
Jessie Clark
Sybil Cleveland
Jane Cochran
Evelyn Comstock
Mary Thayer Davison
Margaret Denton
Agnes Dixon
Eleanor Duval
Marjorie Evatt
Julianne Foshay
Janet Gailey
Louise Glancy
Nora Glancy
Eleanor Hanna
Georgia Hencken
Peggy Jeffery
Elizabeth Kennedy
Betty Lacy
Katherine Ludlum
Sarah Morris
Jean Murphy
Margaret Murphy
Emily Pope
Jane Reilly
Miriam Robertson
Jane Rogers
Betty-Wynn Rugee
Martha Seabury
Jean Symington
Elizabeth Titus
Anne Thompson
Rosalie Wood





# Wet Gold

Blown by the winds
Of the spicy Eastern Indies
Riding on the crest
Of the salt blue waves,
The pirate ship "Orion,"
Like a white-winged seagull,
At last weighs anchor
By the rockbound caves.

The merry buccaneers
Unload the hoarded treasure
Hide it down deep
In their rocky cavern tombs;
Gold chests of Asia
With rubies, jade and amethysts,
Scimitars of ivory
And rich perfumes.

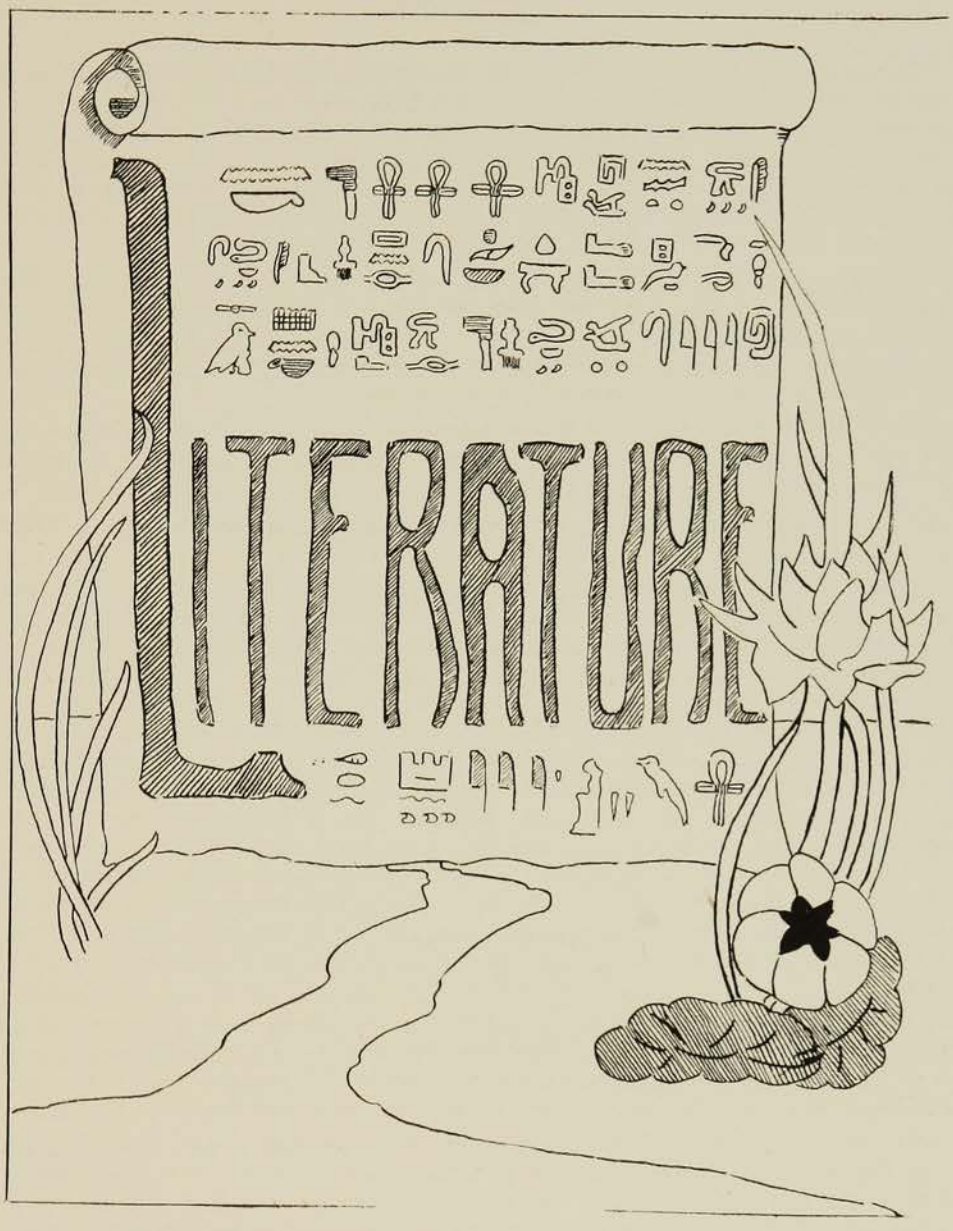
Purple peacock feathers,
Tingling lapis bracelets,
Claret-colored velvet
And green-gold jars—
Red lacquer lanterns,
Jingling silver anklets,
Soft-striped tigerskins
And pure ingot bars.

The merry buccaneers
Drain their huge gold winecups
As the slave girls dance
To a haunting, lilting tune.
Then a long, sweet sleep
To dream of gold and plunder
While the white-sailed ship rocks
Beneath the crescent moon.

—Beth Sherwood






LITERATURE



# "Pardners"

"Lemme see, it was nigh five yeres gone by thet Big Jim Kenyon journeyed from these 'ere parts—By gum, time shore does fly! It seems but yesterday he stood here all big and tall and strong with a fire in his eye and pats me on the back and sez to me, sez he, 'Pete, I'm goin' I can't stay here, God knows I want to, but somethin' is callin' me, Pete. I've got to go. Whar I'm a goin', the good Lord only knows. I'll cum bak ole Pete when I've done somethin'—somethin' worth doin'. This ole mine, these boys, mean a heck of a lot to me, but whar will I get? Nowhere—nowhere—Pete, ole boy, so long—"

Ole Pete gets up and walks to the door slowlike and stands thar lookin' out. Outside it blew cold and one o' them slitherin' winds made the ole banshee sing in the trees. But, inside, a fire roared and blazed, and around it all us men sat in groups after a long day's work; some of us talkin' quietlike, others just settin' an' thinkin'—but all of us waitin'—waitin'—we didn't 'xactly know what fer, but waitin'.

"Faith, Pete!" sings out young Reilly, thet red-headed Irishman, new in the mine an' allus pokin' his nose inter everythin' thet's goin'. "What in 'ell do yez be thinkin' yere doin'? There's nothin' but coyotes out thar, or be ye thinkin' o' skeerin' 'em away?"

Ole Pete finally comes in and sets down on thet barskin rug, alongside o' the fire, while us boys leans forard sort o' eagerlike.

"Boys," sez he, "I'll be for tellin' ye a story; a story of friendship atween men—a story as true as I'm alivin', cuz I seen it with me own eyes—Wal, to be gettin' on—it was just this way. Whan I furst com to this here mine, Yuba Valley Run it was called then, it was some twenty yeres past. Thar was a good bunch here—A No. 1 fellers—thar was Curly (he's gone now), and Taddy Brooke, and Ding an' Yuba Bill, an' thar was Big Jim Kenyon an' Spike Gallagher. You fellers don' know an' never knew Spike. Spike was—wal, he was a dinky liddle feller, no bigger'n five feet four er mebbe three, but honest, say! Spike was so straight he could hardly bend to pick up a stone, he was thet on the level. Thet's a pore joke, fellers but an ole one. Wal, Big Jim an' Spike struck up one o' these strange pardnerships yer find so often out here. It used ter make us split our sides a laughin' to see Jim, thet great big giant totin' little Spike around, messin' together, bunkin' together, workin' together—an' yet it was sort o' fine, thar was somethin' so genuwine about it, thet real pardnership. Jim war the finest feller in the world, at least so Spike said, and if yer listened to Jim, thar warn't no one in this ole wide earth quite as good as Spike.

Wal, one day, they was down by the ole Yuba Rapids, an' it war a freezin' day at thet—an' they was just a cuttin' up, an' all of a sudden, Spike slips an' afore Jim could ketch him he was in thet icy, swirlin' river. Jim bein' a whale of a swimmer, jumps in with boots on an' everythin', an' hauls pore Spike out who by thet time was nigh stiff with cold an' half dead, bein' as he had never larned to swim an' was dead skeered o' the water.

Wal, after thet Spike had only one reel aim in life an' thet was to repay Big Jim for what he'd done. If he'd loved Jim afore, he worshipped him now. But pore Spike never lived to do anythin' big for Jim; he was the one as was killed in thet landslide up aside Gold Run—of all thet crew thet was up there it would have to be pore liddle Spike. It





allus seems to be thet way. Fellers! Jim never war the same after thet— but he went around an' joked with all o' us after we'd all gotten over our sad feelin's but you could see that under it all he was all busted up—Wal—right after it happened one o' the boys suggested thet it would be a right nice idea to remember pore Spike in some sort o' way, so we agreed thet at nine o'clock in the mornin' every day for a month, Curly would blow a whistle an' everythin' would stop, all the machines, every one o' us men would lay down what we was doin' and pray or think jus' a minute for our pore liddle pardner. An' so we did! Every mornin' the whistle blew and we stopped our work and the ones of us as didn't know how to pray, thought quietlike for a minute and then the whistle blew again and off we was for a good day's work in thet dirty, stinkin' tunnel. Wal, one day Big Jim went down alone into one o' the old shafts—God knows why he went—mebbe it was to be alone whar he could think—mebby to git somethin' he'd left down there—no one knew an' the boys jus' took it natural thet he had gone on a hike an' let him be. Anyways Jim was down in the ole shaft forgettin' all the while the heavy rains the night afore was liable to start the rocks a rollin' or somethin' like thet. And thet was jus' what happened.—Those ole rocks started a tearin' down the mountain and blocked up the hole of the ole shaft, shettin' Jim in. How long he was in thar I don' yet know—but if ye've ever been shet up way down thar even fur a minute, ye'll know the torture Big Jim went thru. Thet feelin' thet ye'll never see the light again—an' the dust is chokin' yez—an' ye cayn't see fur the blackness and the gases comin' up from the wet ground—he could get a liddle bit of air—an' thet pow'ful dusty—but it was enough to keep him goin' if he could only make us hear him—if he could only make us stop our machines a minute so's we could hear him. He roared—he yelled—he nigh to split his throat yellin' an' all the while thar we was workin' away jus' a few hunerd yards off an' him dyin' like he was. Nary a sound could we hear bein' as the noise of the lift, the chug-chug-chuggin' of the sifter, an' all the rest of the stuff—An' Jim—cayn't ye see him clawin' at thet dirty wall—tearin' his nails—chokin'—sweatin'—cussin'—growin' hotter an' hotter, weaker an' weaker—.

Wal—on the stroke o' nine, everythin' stopped as usual and the machines stopped, too and jus' as we was about to think a minute on pore Spike, we hears a sort of hoarse shout for "Help"—It seemed to come from thet ole shaft thet no one used no more—we thought we was hearin' things, so went on prayin' for a spell but no!—it was someone shet up in thet hell-hole so we goes over an' thar was Big Jim Kenyon—an' we got him jus' in time as more an' more the rocks was fallin' in—

Jim pulled thru as good as ever, but sort of subdued-like he was cuz he knew an' we all knew thet at last Spike's dream had come true—he had saved Big Jim's life—but, by his death—"

The fire was a mass of charred embers—Pete sat thar like a block of wood—while all us boys looked into the darkness kind o' thinkin' an' wonderin'—Then one of them, Frisco Jeff, I think it was, sets up slowlike and mutters—"An' Jim—Big Jim Kenyon—whar is he now?"

"Dunno, Jeff—he never came back!"—

—Beth Sherwood

*"Pardners" won the prize offered by the* Cupola *Staff for the best short story.*





# Ghosts I Should Like To Meet

I have none of the horror of ghosts that one should have, in fact, there are some I would enjoy knowing. The only thing I ask of them is that they do not destroy any of my favorite illusions concerning themselves, but then I am sure that ghosts are considerate beings.

Voltaire! He has imagination with a quick but not entirely thorough knowledge of many things. He would be a companion for many moods, for he has an appeal for all types of persons, and by his versatile pen is known to many. Yet I could not forgive him, were he to have any but a very sallow, yellow complexion. Where I got this idea I do not know, for I am sure that I have never heard his complexion described, yet how could a man have both his personality and a pink-and-white complexion? It would be quite impossible.

Johnson, the conversationalist, there are times I would rather know him than any other man. How marvelous it would be to hear that great man talk; to hear a few words from that immense store of knowledge, and see that powerful mind at work, or better, to say at play, for to entertain the most brilliant wits of his time was to him a form of relaxation, and to amuse me would be child's play. I think I should have to be awfully quiet, not to expose my vast ignorance to his scorn. But once again I am sure the interview could be spoiled for me by the lack of one small physical detail, if Johnson did not have dark eyes —not warm brown ones nor blue-black ones, but ones that were dark green or almost black-grey; I have never seen eyes quite like the ones I mean—I should weep.

Godwin, the friend of Shelley, the man who inspired many men but is remembered through his connection with those men, is another ghost with whom I would hold converse. I think he could inspire something in me—if only awe. Probably, Godwin is described many places, but if I have ever read a description I do not remember it, but of one thing I am sure—he was tall and very broad-shouldered, maybe it is only because to me he is a powerful man, and naturally one thinks of a powerful man as being either very large or very small, very handsome or very ugly.

I should like to look at Byron from a distance in all his fine clothes and surrounded by his admiring women, but I do not want personal intercourse; I would either find too many weaknesses or I would fall in love, and to be in love with a ghost would be a most disastrous plight. Perhaps I might envy his ability to diet.

There are many other ghosts I would like to meet, but for today I choose these; more would overwhelm me to such an extent that I would always be regretting that I did not remember to look and see if they had all the things I want them to have.

—Alice Cary Kimball





# Sacrament

It is the purpling hour before the black.
When Dusk is veiling sky so quietly—
For tears and sighs, for all the weary track,
This twilight sacrament will comfort me.

And from my mind, like fragrant fingers' touch,
The cool of evening wind, her healing breath,
Blows out all ugly, chilling faults, whose clutch
Has marred this fleet-flown day, now hushed in death.

Those soothing, orchid shades of eve—the breeze,
That tender, tiny candle, newly lit,
The glowing new-born sun that on the knees
Of Earth sinks sleepily to rest a bit. . . .

These have the pow'r to make me whole and calm;
To give me strength to face the coming day;
Ah, but for twilight and the shadows' balm,
All life would grow drear, monotonous, and grey.

—Esther Goetz

# Dancing

A bell shrills in the distance. Down the long grey halls comes the elfin-like patter of some twenty little feet. Youthful figures of all sizes and shapes, all heights and widths, bare arms, bare legs, sandaled feet. Laughter and music; dancing.

Any girl who takes lessons in the graceful art of dancing at M. V. S. has been given, by the gentle hand of the Almighty, a sense of humor. This, and a pair of black sateen bloomers (size ten), a black-silk, self-made costume, more or less abbreviated, and a cunning little pair of chamois slippers are all one needs to join the ranks to become an Isadore Duncan or an undiscovered Hoffmann.

Around they skip and away they jump; a tourgite here, a plisse there; a constant effort to look at friend partner in one's most fetching manner. One moment it's a minuet, the next a Russian folkdance, now fairies, then horses.

It's all in a day's work and one must do an hour's exercise: on goes the music and on we gallop. Dancing—dancing—dancing.

—Eugenie Bournique





# A Dissertation on Desserts

Inasmuch as local color is always desired, I offer *brown* as the most suitable local color for desserts, reasoning from the premise that it is the native hue of chocolate, which is with dessert lovers at least three laps ahead of its nearest competitor in popular favor. Behold, then, with brown flags flying high in the breeze, i. e., the alluring aroma from casserole and piepan—the dessert, escorted to its rightful position as crowning member of the feast and subject of this dissertation.

Desserts may be conveniently grouped according to the tools by which they may be consumed. There are spoon foods and fork foods, but not in the finest sense finger foods, because all such are really fork foods masquerading in disguise subtle enough to deceive those who have not sufficiently mastered their encyclopaedias of etiquette. Fork foods are usually crusty and rich, with more to them than meets the eye, as one may notice to one's satisfaction when breaking into a chocolate eclair, or storming the flanks of a mince tart. Spoon foods include in their delectable ranks those succulent puddings, and ices, and jellies which tantalize the calorie-counter, and when no one is looking, draw him from his reserve.

The subject of second helpings as used in relation to desserts is a mooted point. From extensive personal experience I feel qualified to remark that one who is planning to two-time is prone to romp through the first helping to the neglect of some of its finer points which deserve longer and more studied appreciation, in his eagerness to take unto himself a second portion. Then, unfortunately, the appetite is less keen, and the enjoyment less full, so that one loses both ways, which is a double and unnecessary evil, not to be tolerated by the true epicure. Such an one should be satisfied by a single plentiful serving, upon which he could lavish his fullest interest. Of course, if one eat simply as a means of stoking one's fuel supply, one is likely to eat second helpings unrestrainedly, but with such base materialists we have not to deal, our discourse is from the epicurean's point of view.

As a last reflection, let us consider the mass psychology of dessert-eaters, which is vastly amusing. Why is it that custard, such a creamy, dainty dish, is repulsed by whole tables of young ladies with notorious appetites, while the same group will bite unhesitatingly into the driest slab of chocolate cake? And why do bread puddings with billowy meringues tempt but few, while ice-cream of any consistency, color, or degree of chilliness, attracts the most languid? This is so probably for the same reason that "pigs" are devoured with rapacity, while "aquariums" shake and quiver before an uninterested gathering. Details are singularly important in desserts, else how can one account for one's fondness for strawberry shortcake, and one's detestation for the same article bedizened with bananas.





Finally, while it is true that good things come in small packages, one is constrained to remark that in the case of desserts, if some is good, more is better. With this contention surely only a very surfeited and rheumatic person can disagree when he considers the whole range of desserts, from pies, and tarts, and pastries, through puddings hot and cold, to frozen delicacies with sauces and syrups and sugary spices. After all, is there anything other than desserts to which more aptly applies the phrase, "Last but not least"?

—Rowena Thom

# Lights Out

I saw a burning lantern, Japanese—
I saw it burn behind the black lace trees;
I saw it hanging there—flaming pink—
I saw it lower, then I saw it sink.
I saw the glow die out, and now I ask
Who blew the flame out—whose the daily task?
Does some sky-goddess from the Orient
Take down her lantern when the day is spent?

* * *

Or is it God, who, as the twilight nears,
Calls "lights out!" and the dingy Dusk appears,
To dim the lamp of gold until the morn—
To sit on high all night, alone, forlorn?

—Esther Goetz





# A Reminiscence

The spring preceding the summer of nineteen twenty-four had been a cold one. I had spent most of it in Paris where I, and almost everyone else, had lain in bed with the flu. It was then, in the last stages of this most depressing of maladies, that I found myself suddenly transplanted into Normandy—a land of flowers and sunshine, so the doctors said, where health was washed in like the ocean wave. If you have been on the coast to a certain resort called Deauville you will realize that this is but a figure of speech. But I had not been there long before I was able to sit for brief periods on the beach. I wonder now why people are not oftener content just to sit and "watch the world pass," as I did then.

I remember that next to me in a lounging chair sat a rather portly but unattractive old man with a white beard, whom I later was to learn was none other than Mr. Bernard Shaw. I will never forget the thrill mingled with the feeling of terror which I felt when he asked me if I would mind holding his dog while he took down a few notes. I sat there watching him, thinking now that he had become less unattractive-looking, and was more like Santa Claus; at last I thought I was watching the "workings of a great mind."

He had not been writing long before I saw coming toward us some young girls jumping rope. I do not remember any one thing about them except, for instance, the red tam of one, or the laugh of another, or the blue eyes of a third, which seemed to toss a look of pity at us. You wondered what they were thinking of as they ran along so perfectly at ease and sure of each of their movements which seemed absolutely free from affectation of any kind. Perhaps it was that they were just unaware that there was anyone outside their small circle. They did not need to affect any artificial disinterestedness or contempt; their genuine contempt was sufficient. The faces of these girls were like so many similar dolls except for the one that had blue eyes, which I had come to recognize as the leader, and who, when directly in front of us had whispered "poor old man" to a fourth girl who had jumped over his feet and had run on laughingly to catch up with the others. We watched them half longingly, half fascinated by their free, unhampered gestures and their gaiety.

When we could see them no longer, and the old man stopped writing, he walked over and picked the dog up from my lap. "It will be quite easy for me to write on boyhood; soon I will be experiencing it again. Girlhood is rather more difficult," and with his famous cynical laugh, exit the genius.

I have never known which memory I really treasured the most: Shaw or the girls. One without the other would have been interesting. Both together was an experience which is still growing. In the character of Dolly in "You Never Can Tell," I see Shaw's





interpretation of one girl; in Hypatia the young ultra-modernist of "Misalliance," I see another; in "Fanny's Fist Play," I see a third. It is as if each, as she walked across the stage, was wearing a red tam or had big blue eyes, or whispered "poor old man," but I purposely never went beyond the footlights so I could never know any more of the lives of those girls.

—Peggy Jeffery

# Morning Drill

*An extract from the diary of Samuel Pepys*

January 19, 1667.

Our first night in the new house, and what a night it turned out to be. In bed with fine dreams, and stirred not till morn. Was awakened about three in the morning, or so it seemed, by the very darkness all around, and heard the ringing of a loud bell. Up I rose, and slipped on my dressing gown, being my new flowered one with yellow fuchsias on a blue background, and very pretty, and went to the window. It seems there is a seminary for young maydes down the lane, and this clanging did seem to come from within its walls. Suddenly these young maydes did swarm from out the building on all sides, being a pretty building of a red color and having in the center, 'tis said, a plot of grass, called a quadrangle. Said young maydes wore heavy coats and shining faces, as well they might have, being as it was in winter, and betimes as well. And Lord! what did they do, but stand along in lines on a long covered way, and start to run, not getting ahead at all, but all the while looking like these new jumping jacks one sees in the toy shop windows. Admirable, doubtless, but withal comical. Did call my wife out of a sound rest, which did put her out of humor, she having caught a great cold, got on Sunday last, by sitting too long with her head bare. She did condescend to come to the window and to cast a glance, albeit looking extraordinarily sour and somewhat sullen. She, being a woman, saw no merriment in the strange antics of the young maydes who were then squatting down on the hard ground and rising suddenly again. While delighted in my own only mind at the sight of such free, untarnished, and wholly harmless levity, the young maydes suddenly dispersed. By this time my wife being exceedingly out of humor, I deemed it high time to betake myself to bed, which I did, and with proper haste. To the office and did work hard all day. Have not decided whether or not we like the new house, but I, for my part, deem it well worth





keeping, as it's not every house that can look out upon the back gardens of such a bevy of pretty young maydes. Did tell this to my wife, only to receive abuses throughout dinner, which was a plain one, though neatly dressed, being only a fricassee of rabbit, parsnips, lamb chops, green peas—and wine of but one sort. To bed, and to sleep, and perchance once more to be awakened up in the wee small hours of the morning by what I heard at the office today, was termed by the young maydes "Morning Drill."

—Beth Sherwood

# Inspection

I'd like to write a poem to-night,
Sit thinking in the gloom,
But I must set my desk aright
And tidy up my room!

My stockings I put row on row
With hankies neatly laid,
And boots and shoes and slippers so,
And dresses on parade.

Oh, some day when there's no one here,
If time I ever find
To sort it out all straight and clear,
I'll tidy up my mind.

—Esther Goetz, '28





# With the Reader's Kind Permission

With the reader's kind permission I will now discourse on a favorite subject of mine—Ears.

Have you ever thought of them, just rows and rows of ears, big ones, little ones, red ears, pink ears, some pretty, mostly ugly, ears at the theater, ears at church. Sit at the back of a church sometime—preferably a college chapel for men where the men all have to sit together—and think about it. One hundred backs of heads, two hundred ears; what a place for an ear connoisseur gathering data. Start from the left; that little man's head looks like a bouillon cup; the next one—why his guardian angel must have been blind to have put his ears on so crookedly; the next one's bristle; they look as if they wanted to fly off into space. And so on down the line. It makes one despair, or—laugh—or seek his pen.

Most ears are ugly; most men's ears. Women can cover theirs up and often do. Were I a woman and had pretty ears I'd have a boyish bob. The only really pretty ears I've ever seen belonged to a young girl with a bob of this sort. They were beautiful; small, close-set, with the most delightful texture like an exquisite, pearly seashell, slightly warm and pink in the delicate curves, white almost to an alabaster on the outer curves, with the softest, tiniest lobe. I dream about that ear; it haunts me.

Ears have made and unmade destinies. For instance, a friend of mine received a picture and an invitation from a delightful young man—her brother's friend—for a prom. The invitation was wonderful, the picture was fine except for one ear; the left one, I believe. This ear bent limply outward and upward from the young man's head as if it were blithely waving to her.

"Oh, I can't go," she wailed, "look at it." She was referring to the ear.

"Yes you can, what's in an ear?" I said, little knowing.

She took my advice, went; the young man fell in love, proposed and was refused just because of that unfortunate ear. My friend should have accepted the young man; he was awfully nice and couldn't help his ear.

"I really felt so sorry for him," she sobbed afterwards. "You see he hit his ear when he was a baby—I mean something hit it when he was a baby, and its tendons were broken. Why it w-waved at me while he was proposing, I just c-couldn't."

Ears! The ears of most of us!

—Anne Thompson





# The Cathedral at Night

Like a spectral sentry armed with light under the misty network of the stars and clothed gloriously in saffron-white, the cathedral lay silently rivaling the moon. The faint, fairy-like peaks of its Gothic spires seemed to resemble amber icicles and hung as if by some magic and were haunted by clouds. Veiled buttresses like the skeletons of phantom fingers crept out of the mists of the trees and flew wildly upward to the very pinnacles where they became liquid gold and were lost. Proud from many fell triumphs with the night, the great sentinel was like a streak of cloth of gold in the velvet blackness of the sky and outshone the stars. About its base, trees, clustered like beggars, threw dim shadows about the crevices into which dingy bats stole and hid away from the consuming light. There seemed to be no wind to spirit them off; yet quiet, as if music faint and perishable, lulled them to sleep. They slipped into corners where their shapes could not mar the paragon alabaster of the walls which stood poised on the edge of the world like a dying Phoenix about to spread its wings in a last attempt to ascend into heaven.

—Peggy Jeffery

# The Modern Cavalier

The Modern Cavalier—is there such a thing? The thoughts of a cavalier: sweeping plumes, velvet cloaks, a shining steel rapier, his hand on his heart, dashing recklessly to accomplish his fair lady's trifling whim, a coal-black steed in gay trappings clamping through the cobblestone courts carrying his rider on swift flights through England. This all seems a million years ago, so foreign it is to our young lives. Now it is the raccoon coat and derby, a low, shining roadster racing over the broad highways, the wailing of a saxophone to the playing of the jazz, while sparkling cocktails are passed and silver flasks shine brilliantly from right hip pockets. Our modern cavalier!

—Georgia Hencken





# Heels

High heels! They were the bane of his existence; and here he was, sitting next to the very highest ones he had ever seen. Why did a girl with such pretty feet wear those ruinous heels? Only a frivolous flapper would do it. Ridiculous! And with one disgusted glance at the back of the chair that hid the owner of the feet from the view of the young college professor he turned his attention to the speeding landscape.

Three hours later as Robert McLane was trying to find his bag on the station platform, there rolled into his line of vision, shunted, careened, and came to a rollicking standstill on its curving side—a heel, the highest possible heel, and of the type that he thoroughly disapproved. He lifted his Gladstone, and at the same time unconsciously stretched his hand towards the bit of flapperish foolishness. He then rose to his six feet three inches of height and, bag in one hand, heel in the other, turned rather vaguely around. As he did so, he saw a young girl standing on one foot, and looking at him with direct blue eyes.

"My heel?—Oh, thank you so much."

Robert McLane approached and, in handing the girl the tiny piece of wood, he could not help saying, in a brusque, rather scornful tone, "How *do* you wear them?"

Sally Knox seemed to reflect for a moment. "This one did come off, didn't it?" she inquired sweetly.

Her voice was charming, he thought, but—

"What can I do," the voice went on, "I can't walk without a heel way to the college. There doesn't seem to be a taxi in sight."

"You—are in college?" inquired the college's most brilliant young doctor of philosophy.

"Yes, I believe I'm taking Course A with you."

A bewildered look crossed the young man's face, and the girl seeing it, she hastened to add, "I came in late; just last week; so I haven't recited at all."

The professor's face took on its most intolerant expression, as he reached out his hand.

"If you will give me your shoe, I'll see if I can fix it for you," he said severely.

And so it happened that the eminent young professor, Robert McLane, Ph.D., with a violent prejudice against high heels, fastened the highest one he had ever seen on the tiny shoe of the prettiest girl in Ancient History, Course A.

* * *

Everyone was a little afraid of Dr. Robert McLane. His brusqueness, frankness, and brilliancy had earned him a name on the campus. There was no "getting-by" in his classes.





Many a poor, inwardly trembling youth felt himself actually pinned to the opposite wall by the piercing glance of the brown eyes. However, he had other moments, and then he was magnificent, with eyes flashing, and strong hand running through his tumbled hair, in that particularly nervous gesture of his. At such moments it seemed as if the dullest epochs took fire and came alive.

The only one who was not at all afraid of the professor was the girl with the high heels. She should have been, for he was more brusque and frank with her than with anyone else, and just because of those very heels, which she everlastingly wore; heels which he firmly believed could typify but one sort of mentality. At such times her blue eyes would meet his brown eyes as if to say, "You know, I'm not one bit afraid of you; you're really awfully nice in spite of it all." She never seemed to think of her heels.

Amazingly, persistently, constantly tapping were those heels of hers, For this latter part of the first semester, Sally Knox was temporarily replacing the secretary of the dean and a million times a day the professor seemed to hear her heels 'tap, tapping,' by his door. They tapped their way into his subconscious mind, and into his nervous hand—'tap, tapping' continually. Finally, in desperation, he vowed he would speak to the dean. *Her* heels were flat enough, Heaven knew! She would sympathize with him—and then, 'tap, tap,' down the corridor would come those heels. And the young Professor of Ancient History, with a groan, would bury his head in his hands, and try manfully to get back to the "Assyrian Invasion."

One day, while seated at his desk, in one of his few idle moments, not thinking particularly about anything, Robert McLane's hand began automatically to trace something on the paper before him. Suddenly aware, the professor looked down, and there staring him in the face, was the crude outline of a very high heel. Bang! the pencil hit the floor. Squeak! and the much abused chair protested against the sudden absence of weight. The professor was enraged. He strode up and down the room furiously. This thing had to stop! Then, quietly, cheerfully, from down the hall came a 'tap, tap, tapping.' He stopped. 'Tap, tap,' louder and louder; 'tap, tap,' by his door; 'tap, tap,' softer and fainter now, until with a last 'tap, tap,' the door of the dean's office closed.

Robert McLane ran his hand slowly, puzzlingly, through his hair. A look of astonishment and wonder came over his face, and it might even have been said that there was a tiny bit of fear in the professor's brown eyes.

Then half the year had passed. Mid-year examinations were being corrected and Dr. McLane was very busy. His tangled hair and the pile of papers before him testified to his labors. He had just corrected Sally Knox's paper. 'A very remarkable one,' he thought.





'She's *brilliant!*' For once he was so absorbed in his thoughts that he did not hear the light 'tap, tap.' The professor, though deeply engrossed, finally became conscious of a pair of very pretty feet standing quietly before him.

"Well," very tersely. "What do you want?"

"I came to tell you good-bye, Dr. McLane. I'm going away."

"What! Why?"

"I must earn my living; Dad has lost a lot of money, I'm afraid. Anyway, I'm going home, and—get a job."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know—yet," doubt in the blue eyes. "Typing, I suppose, until I can get some real work. There will be something, though, I don't know just now what it will be."

"By Jove—Miss Knox. What about working for me?" The professor was smiling brilliantly, as he did when a period in history took fire and came alive.

"You! Me! What could I do for you?"

"Secretary! I need someone badly. The Executive Board has just voted me one. I am to choose my own."

"I'd love to, but—."

"There's nothing more to say about it. Come in the morning at eight."

"It is too wonderful that you should want me. If you should change your mind, you know—."

Robert McLane, Head of the Department of History, waved away the impossible suggestion. "I *never* change my mind," he said.

As the girl left the room, the professor glimpsed two tiny, high, curving heels, and a boyish grin overspread his face. "No, we never change our minds," he chuckled. "Perhaps we don't always know them—just at first."

—Anne Thompson





# Nocturne

I lie full length upon the beach
Beyond the pale of mortal reach
Alone
And prone
While billows moan. . . .

I come here every moonlight night
To shut away the loathsome sight
Of tears
Long years—
And Death that nears . . .

I had a love that came to me
Up from the realms beneath the sea—
A sprite
As white
As moon-kissed night.

Her hair was dripping wet and green.
Her eyes were like the stars I've seen
On high
In sky
As black as dye.

She came to me and, hand in hand,
We ran and leapt upon the sand.
We danced
Entranced
The sea gulls glanced . . .

The wind sang weirdly o'er the dunes.
I listened raptly to its tunes.
"Away
Away"
It seemed to say.

"Go from this sandy beach away.
She is immortal—you are clay.
She, too,
Is true
But not to you.

She is true to her merman brave
Who waits her in a coral cave.
They leap
And sleep
In the briny deep . . ."





I stopped my ears to the eerie plea
And turned to her in joy—but she
At dawn
Had gone
And left me, lone.

In hopes sometime she'll come to me
I lie each night beside the sea . . .
Alone
And prone
While billows moan.

—Beth Sherwood

# Hair

Woman's crowning glory is her hair, or so our mothers and grandmothers used to think, and they prided themselves upon its length and quantity. But the modern woman has changed her point of view; she still believes in the crowning glory, but it must be cut short and clipped until little remains save only a thin covering for the head.

But lately a goodly number of our M. V. S. bobbed heads have possessed a great desire for long hair. The desire was there, but when the stray strands protruded from under our hats, our petty vanity and false pride emerged with the tresses and, to preserve our fatal beauty, we cut off the bothersome ends, only to regret our temerity at later moments. Yet not all of our number are so prone to impulse; not by any means. There are some among us who go through the tedious stages of hair-growing seemingly with the greatest of care and patience; they show their strong will-power at every turn; and no amount of coaxing or changing styles will move them.

Not only among the Student Body has this great movement spread, but it has reached the ranks of our Faculty as well, and two of its members are also cherishing a passion for long hair. We wonder if they will win the struggle and give no heed to the idle talk of their shingled friends. We think they will be victorious—yet time alone can tell.

We laugh and make fun of our roommates and comrades who are in the throes of this hirsute process; that is, before we ourselves are caught in the coils of similar ambitions. But when we take the decisive step, then it is an entirely different matter; we watch with burning enthusiasm the slow downward trend of our locks. Now they have reached the ears; now (oh, can it be true?), the ear no longer is visible; maybe it will be long enough to put up by vacation (what bliss!). Hair becomes our main topic of conversation, and each time upon seeing ourselves reflected in a mirror we comment on its increasing length. We watch and care for it to the best of our ability—brush it every night and apply untold amounts of preparations that insure rapid growth! Our one aim, our true delight, our greatest satisfaction and, to others, unending amusement—growing hair.

—Kathryn Hawkes





# Psychology Class

"Air, girls, MORE AIR!" We spring to attention in unison, taking one last eager and devouring glance at the text. Yes, Miss Walker has returned from her exile in the study hall, and finds the atmosphere of the room unbearable. As soon as many Bible and history papers, and much M. V. S. Society literature have been deposited upon an already crowded desk, and when the air has become sufficiently arctic, the class begins. "Ready?" our instructor coolly inquires. "Ye-e-es," we answer, scarcely audibly, and in anything but an assured way.

When the all-too-quickly-settled debate (as to the starting point of the lesson) is over, a very thin, dark-green marking book is unearthed from the heaps of documents and syllabi, several pencils are examined until a satisfactory one is finally selected, Mr. Seashore's masterpiece is carefully opened at the correct page, and the recitation is under way.

About this time, a physical principle becomes manifest: namely, that when cold air meets a hot surface, vapor appears upon that surface. In other words, my hands become intolerably clammy. I clench them in grim determination, and do my very best to face the worst with a firm jaw. Somehow, however, this noble resolve seems to fade into nothingness as I hear my full name pronounced slowly, distinctly, unmistakably.

"Would you mind repeating the question, Miss Walker?" Maybe that will bring a light or suggest something that will centralize my thoughts. But no—if only it had been any other paragraph in the lesson. "Give her the cue word, girls." Whereupon the rest of the class, inclusive, shouts out the word it knows so well. What makes them so self-possessed, so sure, and me so hopelessly dumb? At last, with many contributions from the others, and a few meaningless, irrelevant phrases from me, my topic is considered finished. A significant little letter is placed in the green book and my doom is sealed.

After the ordeal of reciting, something of that mental and muscular tension leaves, and the relaxation that follows is something like sunshine after a summer rain. I settle down; strangely enough, I no longer mind the frigid air, and suddenly feel rather kindly towards my fellow men. During the remainder of the period, while I admiringly listen to my co-mates covering themselves with glory, I cannot help reflecting a bit resentfully that I really did have the most difficult question . . .

The bell—all is over. But there is always a tomorrow (yes, always—psychology class does not omit)—always a hope that some stroke of genius, or smile from Athena, or magic lantern, or *something* will bring light next time.

—Janet Gardner





# Serenade

Here beneath your casement I am waiting
While the jagged stars are dancing up on high,
And the oval moon is like a perfect topaz
In the lustrous opiate kisses of the sky.

The sorceror wind with puffs of gusty vigor
Has chased away the fiery, glowing sun,
And now it twists the lovely stunted cypress
And tips the waving branches—one by one.

I see a light within your sheltered bower—
It shines out like a beacon light to me—
I only ask one smile before I go, dear,
Then I will leave you here, forever, free.

You do not love me, need I stay on now?
Your whims are airy as the midnight breeze
Which even now is fanning my hot forehead
And painting lacy patterns on the trees.

I ask you just to open up your casement—
You need not even see me here below—
Just smile to see the eerie dancing shadows,
And I can have that smile before I go.

Across the seas, I may, in time, forget you
Where the jagged stars are laughing up on high,
And the oval moon is like a painted tear drop
In the sneering, taunting visage of the sky.

—Beth Sherwood





# Caesar's Wife

A Farce in One Act by Jane Armstrong

CHARACTERS

*Caesar*
*Pompeia*, his wife
*Aurelia*, his mother
*Abra*, a servant girl
*Clodius*, a youth

TIME

Early evening of the first day of May, a date set aside for the worship of the goddess, Bona Dea, the rites are performed exclusively by women and the men of the household are banished entirely.

SCENE

The courtyard of a Roman house. The entire rear of the stage is a garden wall, unbroken save for a niche in the center near the top, containing a small statue of the goddess. Directly below this is an altar composed of three receding tiers. On the top of this is a brass bowl in which is burning incense. A cluster of vines is on the floor. In each rear corner there is a tall, formal tree, and some low shrubs and flowers grow along the wall. There is a marble bench to the left. The two side walls are columned, and there are entrances left rear and right center. Pompeia, a young woman of about thirty years, very pretty, is standing near the altar, directing Abra in arranging the vines upon it.

*Pompeia:* I think, Abra, that perhaps that branch should not go quite there. We must be careful to get this right.

*Abra:* That is better. (A very slight pause.) Aurelia said to tell you she would be delayed in coming to help you as one of the servants indiscreetly spilled some of the sacrificial wine on her very best robe.

*Pompeia:* I'm sorry for the girl; Aurelia was slightly irritated, I imagine. (There is silence a moment.) Where is the honored serpent, Abra?

*Abra:* Oh, Pompeia, I forgot to tell you—it escaped from the box and someone is searching for it now.





*Pompeia:* We must have one. Adraste had better go to Charis immediately and get another.

*Abra:* She can't go now. She's helping Aurelia.

*Pompeia:* Well, you go and see if the serpent has been found. If not, you'd better get another right away. It won't take more than half an hour if you hurry. (Exit Abra, left.)

(Pompeia is alone for a few moments; then appears in the doorway a person who is apparently a rather muscular, but still graceful, dancing girl. She wears a cape-like garment which has a hood covering her head and partly shading her face from the audience.)

*The Girl:* (Softly) Pompeia?

*Pompeia:* (Turning, and looking full at the newcomer) Oh, hello, Clodius, where did you come from? (She does not wait for an answer, but surveying his disguise, laughs and says) My dear, you look ravishing in that costume.

*Clodius:* (Laconically) Thanks. I had no trouble getting in, but now I suppose the game is to see how long I can stay in.

(The speaker throws back the hood, revealing the face of a good-looking young man, smooth-shaven, and with a fresh jeunesse about him which would appeal to a woman older than he and a bit fagged with sophistication.)

*Pompeia:* As you see, Bona Dea is about to get the first of her biennial sacrifices. Caesar and all the masculine horde left about an hour ago. I'm glad you came, though, Clodius.

*Clodius:* Why shouldn't I? Surely Bona Dea understands that when a man wishes to see the woman he loves and has an exceptionally good opportunity, the means justify the ends. (He walks to the door at right and glances curiously into the recesses of the house.) Where is Aurelia?

*Pompeia:* She's busy adorning herself; I'm sure I don't know what for. When a woman starts dressing for herself alone, she *is* getting old. Even Caesar isn't here to see his mother's beauty on this occasion.

*Clodius:* Maybe someone's coming to see her.

*Pompeia:* All her friends are tired consuls and praetors who are so cautious and dignified that they'd sit up all night by the gate, rather than take a chance on disturbing the sacred rites.





*Clodius:* To be so over-particular is foolish, and I'm almost willing to tell Aurelia, herself, so. The world today is getting away from these old, straightlaced customs. There would never be any progress if someone didn't dare; and today is ours, not Aurelia's.

(They walk toward the marble bench, and sit down.)

*Pompeia:* Clodius, I love you for these ideas of yours. When I'm talking with you, I feel *your* age rather than Aurelia's, which is my usual state of mind.

*Clodius:* You're not any older than I am in spirit, Pompeia. If there were more women of your rare understanding in Rome, the Empire would be better. Have you yet convinced Caesar that he isn't modern enough in viewpoint?

*Pompeia:* You know that whatever my influence might be, it is neutralized by that of his mother. She gets him to tell her everything. I say what I think, and all I get is a lecture from them both.

*Clodius:* You poor dear! Pompeia, I wish you'd change your mind about staying here. The whole atmosphere of the place crushes your better self. Come away with me to some place where our spirits can be free.

(He seizes her hands and pulls her up beside him. They walk back and forth, his arm about her shoulder.)

*Pompeia:* We've been all over this before, and I've told you how useless it would be. Caesar would probably start a war or something, and when he got me back, he'd set Aurelia to watch over me more than ever.

(They stop, and stand facing each other.)

*Clodius:* But Pompeia, dearest—

(She places her hand over his mouth, and he kisses it.)

*Pompeia:* Hush, Clodius, don't get superlative. My mother-in-law is likely to come in any moment, and she musn't find us like this. There *would* be a row then. You mustn't stay here, either.

*Clodius:* But where shall I go? I must see you more than this. I haven't risked my—er—"reputation" just to say "hello" and "good-bye."

*Pompeia:* Well, I won't be here very much longer. If you go down this wing of the house you will find a small sitting room at the end of the third corridor to the right. The girl, Abra, is out, so if anyone says anything to you, say you're looking for her. Wait in that room till I come.

(They walk to the left entrance.)





*Clodius:* Dear, you're wonderful. The more I see of you, the worthier I think you are of the ideals I hold.

*Pompeia:* Now, don't be like Caesar; he's always thinking of the eternal ego.

*Clodius:* That's enough! Good-bye. (He kisses his hand to her and goes out. She walks back to the altar.)

*Pompeia* (to herself and Bona Dea): He is a dear boy. Caesar used to be something like him. Sometimes I wonder if I didn't love him too much to marry him. I might have known what would happen when he settled down into the rut of ruling the Empire and left me flitting about, chasing his ideals which had lost their master. Some day I suppose I'll crash, too, but not yet. Not while Clodius can offer something, anyway. I hope he doesn't get in my rooms by mistake. It would be rather awkward.

(A regal-looking elderly woman, arrayed in gorgeous ceremonial robes, appears in the right entrance in time to hear the last sentence.)

*Aurelia:* Clodius in your room! What do you mean by this?

*Pompeia:* Oh, hello, Aurelia. How nice you look.

*Aurelia:* That has nothing to do with the case. What I want to know is where Clodius is.

*Pompeia:* Are you going to meet him somewhere? Probably at this hour he would be at the gymnasium, swimming, but really I can't say just where he is now.

*Aurelia:* You know very well I don't mean that. You were saying something about Clodius being in the house and I want to know the truth of the matter.

(Pompeia turns from Aurelia and walks to the bench where she sits, idly playing with a piece of vine.)

*Pompeia:* Well, I don't know where he is, nor what he's doing every minute. I'm not his keeper.

(Aurelia follows her toward the bench, and stands before her in an accusing attitude).

*Aurelia:* Everyone knows of this little affair you've been carrying on these last few months, and I, for one, think it high time you stopped this foolishness.

*Pompeia:* Well, I certainly don't think I have done anything that could be censored. I may have ideas differing somewhat from those of the people with whom I'm thrown in contact all the time, but if I have, surely that is my affair, and I have a right to choose friends who appeal to my tastes.





*Aurelia:* You must remember that you are a woman, married to a man who has much to uphold, and you have no right to drag him into any scandal you may choose to get into yourself.

(Pompeia rises and goes in front of Aurelia back toward the altar. Aurelia starts to follow her belligerently, then turns back and sits down.)

*Pompeia:* I see no scandal in enjoying a perfectly innocent friendship with a young man of intellect.

*Aurelia:* Well, certainly when I was your age and had been married several years, I wasn't gallivanting around with boys ten years younger than myself. I was rocking Caesar's cradle.

*Pompeia:* Perhaps so; and when he grew old enough to toddle about and fall into the fish pond, you set one of the slaves to watch him, and started rocking his brother's cradle. That was very entertaining, wasn't it?

*Aurelia:* Pompeia! If Caesar could hear you talking like that! Where would the Empire be if all the wives thought the way you do? In a few hundred years there wouldn't be any Empire left.

*Pompeia:* What difference would that make? We'll all be dust, anyway, by then, and probably the Gauls will be pitting their Roman slaves against each other in gladiatorial combats at the Coliseum.

*Aurelia:* Really, Pompeia, sometimes I marvel at the fact that a son of mine could marry a woman like you.

*Pompeia:* Strange as it may seem, we are alike in some ways, Aurelia. I used to wonder that my husband could be your son; but I must confess that lately the resemblance has been most striking.

(Aurelia, in high dudgeon, starts to walk out (right) in a very dignified manner, but stops a moment to launch her ultimatum.)

*Aurelia:* This ridiculous discussion will end right now, and so, if you please, will your silly affair with this boy.

*Pompeia:* I'm perfectly willing to end this discussion, but I certainly don't intend meekly to obey all your tyrannical commands. The gods know I've tried my best to live here in peace with you and your old-fashioned ideas that are insupportable to the modern woman—





(She stops, hearing a disturbance going on from the left. They both turn curiously toward the entrance where Abra appears, followed by Clodius.)

*Abra:* Aurelia! Pompeia! A man in the house!

*Pompeia:* Ye gods!

*Aurelia:* What does this mean? I suppose this is more of your work, Pompeia?

*Pompeia:* Just a moment, please Aurelia, before you begin again. Tell us what happened, Abra.

*Abra:* As I was going out the gate, I heard a scream, and discovered one of the girls had found the fugitive snake, so I captured it. The box was in that small parlor near your rooms, so I went to get it and found him (points to Clodius) calmly sitting there. I thought he was a dancing-girl, so I asked why he was there, but he wouldn't answer. Finally I said I'd call you, Aurelia, and he said, "No, don't. I'm waiting for Abra," so then I recognized a man's voice, and brought him here.

*Aurelia:* This is execrable! Pompeia, you started all this, no doubt, so now you can think of a way out without a scandal for the people to devour.

*Pompeia:* I don't really see anything to get so terribly excited over. What do the people care if Clodius does happen to make a little mistake and get his dates mixed?

*Aurelia:* Oh, stop your eternal theorizing and be practical for once in your life. You know very well the power of gossip.

(She is interrupted by Caesar who appears in the left doorway, looking rather shame-faced and a bit hurried.)

*Caesar:* Beg pardon, mater, I'm sorry to intrude, but I had to come back and get some papers I left in my desk.

*Aurelia:* I'm very glad you did come, Caesar. It's about time you see for yourself what your wife is doing, since you won't believe what your mother or anyone else tells you.

(He comes entirely in, and looks in a bewildered manner from one face to another, while crossing the stage to take up his position in front of the altar—Pompeia and Aurelia on his left, and Abra and Clodius on his right.)

*Caesar:* Why, what's it all about?

*Aurelia:* Clodius was just discovered down there near Pompeia's rooms, where she no doubt hid him.





*Caesar:* Wait a minute, Aurelia, and let's have the story from the two accused. Clodius, what have you to say for yourself?

*Clodius:* I'd rather that Pompeia did the explaining—it might be more comfortable for us both.

*Caesar:* Very well, then. What have you to say on the subject?

*Pompeia:* It is true that Clodius came here to see me. I talked with him and sent him away to wait until I could see him later. I had sent Abra on an errand out of the house, so of course did not foresee that his presence here might afford a shock to her nerves. That is all.

*Caesar:* I see. Perhaps you had better conduct Clodius to the guardhouse, Aurelia, and I will attend to him later. You may go also, Abra.

(They go out, left.)

*Pompeia:* What are you going to do with him, Caesar?

*Caesar:* You well know what punishment is provided in cases of desecration of the sacred rites of Bona Dea. You might better ask what is to become of yourself.

*Pompeia:* Why should anything happen to me? I have done nothing.

*Caesar:* Done nothing! Under what virtues do you class allowing a man in your home at this time, conspiring against the integrity of your husband, lying to your mother-in-law—

*Pompeia:* And contributing to the delinquency of a minor, too, I suppose.

*Caesar:* Well—

*Pompeia* (catching the moment of opportunity): I certainly see nothing criminal in holding a conversation in a perfectly open place with a well-bred young man. Half of these old customs and secret rites mean nothing, anyway, so why not do away with the silliest of them all? And what are you doing here yourself if you feel the sacredness of the time and place so deeply?

*Caesar:* I had to get those papers and had forgotten just where they were, so could not direct anyone to find them. Anyway, I'm your husband.

(She crosses before him and sits on the bench.)

*Pompeia:* And were you the husband of that pretty Vestal Virgin the time you and Catiline went disguised to one of their meetings? Don't forget, my dear, what a gay young dog you made yourself out to be when you courted me.





*Caesar:* We will not discuss that episode, please. The subject in hand is your behavior, not mine. I was too young to know better, anyway.

*Pompeia:* You soon outgrew your youth, however, and now you're trying to drag me along into middle age with you.

*Caesar:* Well, you're thirty, you know, Pompeia. It's what you do that counts; not how old you are when you do it.

(She rises and faces him.)

*Pompeia:* Oh, do be consistent, Caesar, if you must be didactic. Your were too young to know better, but it doesn't matter what age I am, I must always be perfect for your sake. It's my relationship to *you* and the way my conduct affects *you* that you're concerned about.

*Caesar:* Exactly, my dear. At last you have grasped my point of view, and I'm sure you will see that whatever steps I may have to take in consequence of this little episode, are entirely necessary, no matter how deeply they may hurt you.

*Pompeia:* Yes, I see. In all things, Caesar's wife must be above suspicion.

*Curtain*





# Prologue

"Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote"
I lay me doon besyde a merrie streeme—
And fell into a plesaunt happye dreeme.
I saw myselfe afar in sondry strondes
Y-livinge for a tyme in straunge londes
Wher peple rood abroad in horsless cars
And houses stretched up neerlye to the stars
And then I chanced to see a certaine skool
Where girles did lyve by rhetorick and rule,
And all my eyen could see were dresses blue
And things about which I will now tell you.

A girl ther was, and she of youthful mien,
Who looked levere wan and somdel grene.
It seems she'd put hirselfe upon a dyet—
And let me tell you now—don't ever trye it.
Another girl was ther with hair si redde
I thought, at first, a fyre was on hir hedde.
As it befel—a ribbon would she don
To keep those fiery lokkes in place—anon.
And yet withal a merrie lass was she;
The kind a sailor dreams of whan at see.
And with hir was a littel babye girl,
Whose hair was fair, with nary a sinle curle.
Hir face was ronde; hir eyen like sauceres wyde,
And yet withal—hir peintinge was our pryde.
Another girle I noticed on my weye,
A letter carried she aboot alle deye.
And she coulde cooke, and daunce eftsoons, and pleye,
A fine homemakere will she be some deye.
Aha! I saw a girle that maude me laughe.
Aboute as small as me—myselfe in halfe—
As faste as lightninge and as roughe—
In basketeballe she sikerly was toughe.
And with hir was a merrie-lookinge mayde—
The parfit athlete, so it has been sayde.
In tennys, musik, drawinge, there was none
Had ever beaten hir sine skool begun.
For manye, manye years she had been here—
In sooth, she was a traditione, olde and deer.





And after hir—a blonde girle lagged alonge—
And she was skilled in fiddle and in songe.
She hurte hir ankles badlye whan she fell—
Yet basketeballe did mayke her feel quite well.
Another girle, so verye, verye wyse
That not a thinge coude tak hir by surprise.
She was the best in all the skool in markes,
And yet—she liked to pleye and have her larkes.
Ther was a clube—The Optima by name—
And she was made the presidente of the same.
And last of all there was a little misse
Who lookéd swete and fat enough to kisse.
Ther was a papere called the CUPOLA—I ween—
And such an Editor as she is seldome seen.

These people are so verye, verye straunge
To tell about them is not in my range,
So I awoke and found myselfe once more—
Alive on Engelond's deer sunnie shore.
And here I staye, though moons may wax and wane,
And Birnham Wood have come to Dunsinane.

# English Class

Silence reigns . . . . .

The Senior Class has her proverbial nose in her "Essays of Elia"—not a page turns, not a pin drops (for all our balls and sockets have been well secured). Miss Churchyard, her face filled with quiet resignation, gazes from pate to pate. Suddenly the air is charged with excitement, and our adviser electrifies the class in general, and stupefies my timid roommate in particular, by hurling into our midst the query: "What would Thomas Edison think of this?" My companion registers, in quick succession, horror, wonder, incredulity, earnest endeavor, and despair; she mumbles, "I'm sure I don't know, Miss Churchyard." The class is again electrified; the question is transferred to me, but all in vain—it is reiterated and repeated until it comes to Wilma, the infallible, who drops a few well-chosen words, and the class sighs and beams as it marvels at the powers of our co-mate.

Wordsworth follows, and we finally come to appreciate the fact that Helen Raynor considers him as worthy of immortality as Milton. We all enjoy Wordsworth, Manning, Newman, but the rarest opportunity is to be allowed to share with Miss Churchyard certain excerpts which she enjoys and we consequently appreciate.

Floundering at last through the philosophy of Carlyle, astounded by the inelegant idea of Parliament convening naked in its entirety, and intrigued by his subtle interpretation of life, we are about to launch out on our big adventure—The Senior Essay. Wish us "bon voyage!"

—KATHLEEN SHELDON





# JUNIOR VERSE—1926

## "Tuncan Tell"

Her love's not told in bushels, lots, or tons;
My mother says, "Why, more than Tuncan Tell."
I wonder who he is. The fear still runs
Through all my dreams that though she loves me well,
She loves him more. I've never seen his face,
Nor heard his voice. The fairies always dance
At night beneath the ghostly elms and chase
Bad dreams away; perhaps he dances, too,
And while I sleep will creep into her heart—
Then skip off on a cloud as light as dew
When baby rays of sunshine on my pillow dart.
Or is he some queer being found afar
In strange places where we children never go?
Tell me quickly, bright and twinkling star
That sheds upon my face your silver glow,
Who is this Tuncan Tell? Who can he be?
Whom is she talking of—while loving me?

—KATHLEEN SHELDON





# The Pirate

I think he should have been a pirate
With a knife
Like a crescent moon
Between his teeth.
Rings of amber in his ears,
Ragged trousers hanging
Like balloons from a crimson sash.
He should have had a wooden leg
To clump along the deck,
But instead of scimitar
He has great iron tongs.
Gallant captives do not walk the plank
To an emerald tomb
Upon his ship.
He has no ship;
He drives a wagon;
And strides from street to kitchen door
With fifty pounds of ice upon his back.

—Gretchen Dishong





# Sunlight

Sunlight—
Tumbled bits of gypsy gold
Flecking the limpid clearness of the lake,
Caressing the cool-faced lily pads,
Splashing a dancing pattern
Of light and life and love.

Sunlight—
Three long shafts of amber dust
Streaming through tall pines and redwood trees
Which loom, profound and dark,
Quiet, deeply cool,
Aloof yet friendly sentinels.

Sunlight—
Yellow dunes and deep blue waves
And, far off, a sail.
Madcap billows tumbling merrily,
Warm sand sifting through my fingers,
Against my face a joyous, sea-salt spray.

Sunlight—
Falling through a dusty window pane,
Cupping with friendly hands a faded rose,
And tingeing to faint color
The dim glint of an old daguerreotype
Encased in musty velvet.

—Jane Armstrong

# Country

It's all you ever have dreamed—
Peace and beauty,
And murmuring things;
Lanes with tall spires of Lombardy
Planted centuries ago;
Dreaming poppies—
And sunsets fading with soft rose lights.
In the valleys, sentinel-guarded—





Snug little roofs,
All but hidden from view;
In the distance—
White and cart-worn roads,
Wide pastures, and flocks sleeping.
Come, don your cape of blue,
And I'll out to this haven with you.

—Margaret Meyer

# Sightseeing

As the sun-chariot is to Apollo, so the green bus is to the M. V. S. girl; it carries her everywhere, and by its gracious assistance she sees Washington—truly a capital sight! Sightseeing, while not exactly an idee fixe with the powers that be at M. V. S., is at least one of the principal outdoor sports, particularly on Saturday, and on those Saturdays when there is something else very special to do. Europe should hold no terrors for the M. V. S. girl after her course in sightseeing here.

But there are compensations, of course. Even if going to the Bureau of Engraving tends to make one feel a little extravagant, one cannot help but be encouraged at the sight of so many special-delivery stamps being made ready to do their good work. Then, going to the Smithsonian Museum and seeing the costumes there displayed in moth-balls increases one's love for one's uniform. The Congressional Library and its cultural colleague, the National Gallery, interest everyone, because those that are not glad to go are glad to come away. The Triad of Seventeenth Street—the Red Cross Building, the Pan-American Building, and the D. A. R. Building—present their varied charms: the first is the outward and visible sign of service and achievement, and all that Johnny Domestic-Science stands for; the second is a place of exotic flora and architecture; the third is a modern mecca of ancestor-worship. We visit the White House and see that the President actually has flowers on his dinner table; we ride to Mount Vernon and agree that the cherry-chopper also had an eye for a home site; we gasp at the sheer majesty of the Lincoln Memorial, and tarry, fascinated, in the Scottish Rite Temple. One hard day finds us in Congress, more surprised than pleased at the jaunty informality prevailing there; it is as if the debaters never once paused to consider that the dome might fall in on them if they did not get down to work some time.

And so, when the year is over and our friends at home ask us if we have seen Washington and its points of interest, we can truthfully reply that such is so, and practically anybody with a good memory and an illustrated guide-book can tell just what it is all about. But nevertheless, we defy anyone to extract from us a satisfactory answer as to how to get from one given point to another via the circle system.

—Rowena Thom





# Salome

I only ask that I might kiss the ground
Beneath thy dancing feet,
Which slender, white,
All through the night
Barbaric measures beat.

Your mouth—a deep red wound upon your face,
Those tiger-tawny eyes,
That veil, so thin,
Your golden skin
Can only half disguise.

You sway and tremble like a wind-swept reed
While whining zithers sing;
That twisted smile
Will soon beguile
The unsuspecting king.

And when at last your lurid dance is done—
The music hushed and dead—
You seem unreal
As there you kneel
To ask—the prophet's head.

Was this the reason that your hair is soft
And midnight as the skies?
Behind those smiles
Those silken wiles
Are crouching panther's eyes.

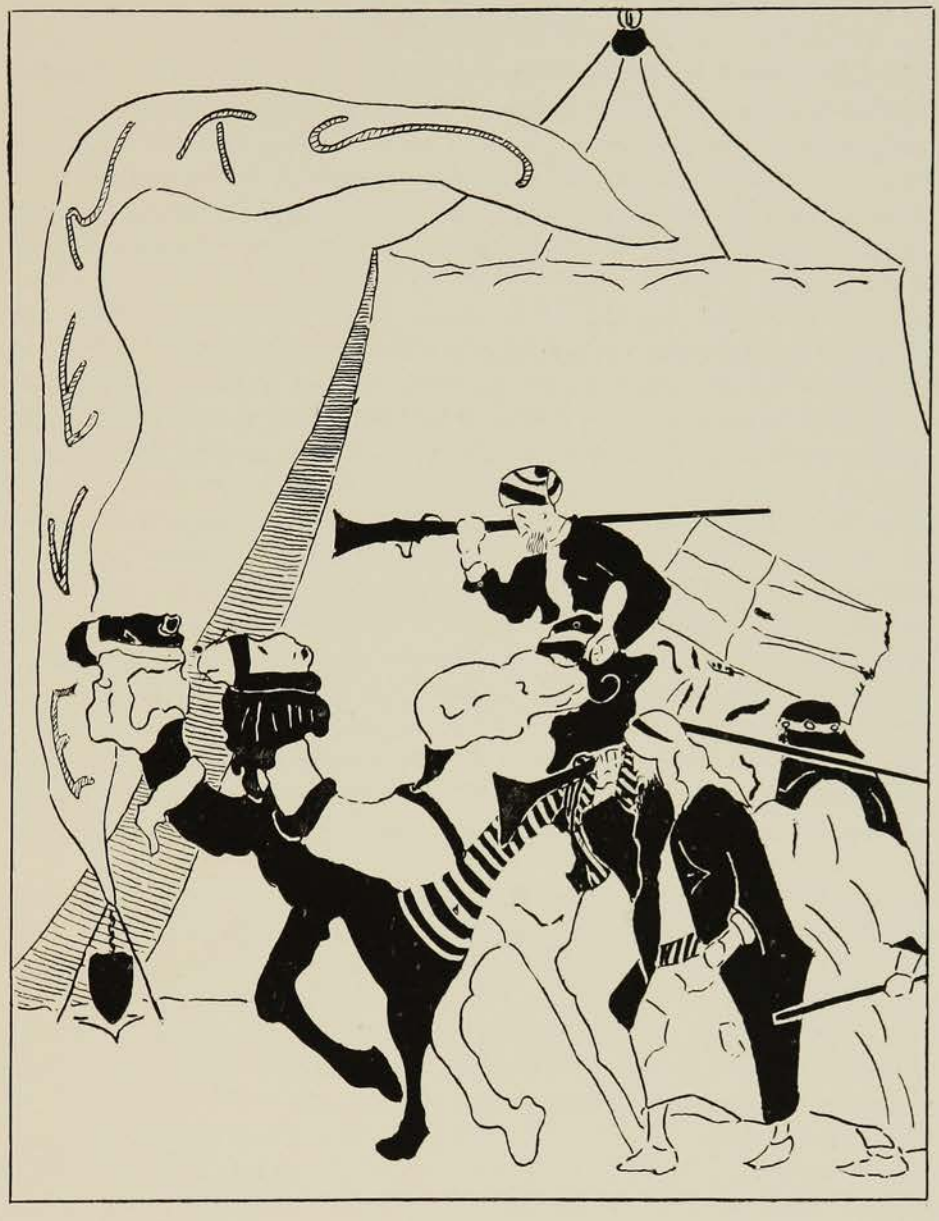
And yet, I like to think that he is glad—
Far happier than I . . .
Perhaps the bliss
Of one long kiss
You gave him ere he died.

I—Herod's fool—tear out my bleeding heart
And cast it down this stair,
That in your dance
You once may chance
To slip upon it there.

—Beth Sherwood









# Fag Week

"Candidate, report to the gymnasium in five minutes." The joyful relaxation and relief so often felt at the end of a discouraging Tuesday afternoon study period was rudely dispelled as the brisk command smote the ears of the thirty-one prospective members of the Junior Class. It had come at last—Fag Week with all its trials and tribulations was upon us, and we directed our trembling footsteps to the gym with much the same feeling that no doubt penetrates the mind of the world's worst criminal as he is about to seat himself in the electric chair.

We were not entirely ignorant of the ancient M. V. S. custom which permits the Senior Class to forcibly impress upon the submissive Junior candidates during as long a period as desired that the latter are utterly insignificant and worthless beings. Our first day at school was delightfully spent in hearing tales of how we must cheerfully suffer the many whims and fancies of our superiors before earning the privilege of becoming full-fledged Juniors.

After the first shock had been successfully withstood, we began seriously to contemplate the fact whether or not there was a possible chance of surviving Fag Week. For two whole days we humbled our proud spirits and dragged them through the dust before the inexorability of the Seniors. There seemed to be only one purpose to the whole proceeding, and that was to increase the comicality and mortification of the candidates. We bravely cavorted, sang, and danced, vainly hopeful of receiving one word of praise from the stoical Senior president; but we were informed in discouraging accents that it was very poor, indeed. And oh, those terrifying meetings in the wee small hours, where we gave intricate lectures on "Why is a horse," sang touching ditties to our respective Senior, and willingly wiped our faces up and down the steps when told that there was no cause for mirth.

We obligingly flitted through the endless days attired in the most atrocious costumes, bearing little signs designating us to be tight-rope walkers, drivers of numerous vehicles, and even blithesome Pollyannas, brightening the dull paths of fellow schoolmates with the sunshine of our permanent grins. It was impossible to avoid the Seniors—they awaited us at every turn, and if we tried to dodge behind a welcome corner, the shrill call of a compelling whistle brought us back by leaps and bounds to bow and salaam and politely inquire if there was any way in which we could be of service.

There was no doubt about it. The Junior candidates were hopeless failures. We laughed uproariously during an occasion that credited utmost dignity, displayed all sorts of unnecessary stupidity, and in every way bored the esteemed Seniors to utter disgust by our ludicrous striving for their amusement.





The Friday morning meeting came upon us, and the candidates had almost reached the ends of their ropes. Our minds were pitifully blank as to the possibilities of inventing further means of entertainment. The costume for that day was carefully described to us. We were to be washerwomen, and this necessitated our carrying wet, slimy pieces of soap wherever we went. Was there no Justice? The Senior president then handed us envelopes which were said to contain further directions. Upon opening them, a far different sight met our eyes. Instead of finding that we were ordered to individually give a Shakespearean tragedy in musical comedy form, a small card announced to joyful souls that the Class of Twenty-seven congratulated the Class of Twenty-eight. We had successfully met our Waterloo and overcome it.

To some unknowing individuals, Fag Week brings with it only weariness and perhaps even hard feelings. But we who have endured the experience, find that those few days greatly developed our sense of humor and ingenuity and brought us more closely together to face our year at M. V. S.—with splendid organizations among ourselves and a strong feeling of love and respect for the Senior Class.

# The Junior Vaudeville

If Fag Week did not bring out the real talent in the Junior Class, the Vaudeville on October the twenty-third certainly did. Everyone was keyed to a high state of endeavor and, as a result, not one break disturbed the serenity of the performance. Each girl contributed something; dancers and impersonators, scene shifters and property men, all were there with a will and a desire to help.

The loveliness of the stage when the curtain opened was attested by the gasps of surprise and delight heard throughout the audience. Swiftly and easily they were carried from that enchanting far-away Spain, with its dark-eyed Senoritas and handsome Senors, to Hogan's Ally where Miriam Grosvenor and Eleanor Miller portrayed vividly the delights of a bowery dance. A very clever impersonation of Will Rogers was given by Rowena Thom, and Catherine Evatt was genuinely mysterious as a Hindoo who laid bare quite unscrupulously the secrets of our past, present, and future, and displayed her talents of insight to the amusement of all.

The final scene was, we hope, acceptable to the Seniors, as the effect of Green and Gold was expressly for them. Anyway, they were gracious enough to respond in a snappy, clever song which sent everyone away happy, eager for the strife afforded by the Ingenuity Contest of January, 1927.





# Senior Housewarming

Flowers, soft-shaded lights, multicolored pillows, fanciful dolls, memory books, luscious bon-bons and nuts are some of the impressions of a delightful, colorful evening as one greets the receiving line of officers (Miss Cole, Miss Churchyard, Kay, Louise, Mary and Jane) and lingeringly passes from one pretty room to the next, each presided over by the most gracious and hospitable of hostesses.

"Have you ever seen such lovely rooms—those fascinating dolls, and darling lamps—"

"Uuhuh."

"I put the same things in every one's memory book, didn't you?"

"Uuhuh."

"Aren't all the girls adorable?"

"Uuhuh."

"I've never eaten so much in all my life. Mmm—I wish we could have it all over again."

"Uuhuh—oh, no! Senior Housewarming once a year's enough for me."

"Why?"

"I'm ill."

# The Old Girl-New Girl Party

The Old Girl-New Girl Party! What a magic phrase! The time was Saturday evening, October the ninth at eight o'clock, and the place was the gymnasium at Mount Vernon Seminary. The guests were the New Girls, and the hostesses were the Old Girls who were anxious to become acquainted with those who had not been at M. V. S. before, and to make them feel at home.

Every girl wore her name pinned to the shoulder of her dress, but there was really very little need of these identifications after the early part of the evening. Everyone was busy renewing "auld acquaintances" and making new ones, and dancing to the syncopated strains of the orchestra engaged for the occasion.

Delicious punch was graciously served to the dancers by Belle, and tables were placed on the stage for members of the Faculty who wished to play bridge.

Towards the middle of the evening an Elimination Dance was held. Every couple drew a number and was allowed to remain on the floor until called. Every few minutes, Margaret Meyer read off the unlucky numbers, and more disappointed couples would reluctantly retire to the side of the room. Finally, the winners alone remained—Virginia Walsen and Jean Murphy. The former received an exquisite yellow embroidered handkerchief, and the latter a bottle of Coty's perfume.

The party broke up at ten-thirty and we went to our rooms with the feeling that we had made a great many new friends and that the Old Girl-New Girl Party had been firmly established as a tradition.





# The Hallowe'en Party

Hallowe'en to most people seems a night dedicated to the pranks of small boys which are to be dreaded as well as laughed at. But we at Mount Vernon look forward to October the thirty-first with anything but dread, for we know what delightful witchery it holds for us all. This year the evening was perfect; warm and balmy, so at six-thirty we proceeded to the Shelter whose windows peeped at us through the trees like so many gleeful, shining eyes.

The party was rustic and we dressed accordingly; dairy maids, farm lads, and tramps invaded the Shelter and triumphantly bore forth delicious hot dogs, baked beans, etc. These delectables were appreciatively devoured and were topped by the beautiful apples which Mrs. Woolfolk sends every year on this occasion.

The remainder of the evening was passed in the gymnasium which was decorated with smiling pumpkins and piles of cornstalks. The Seniors entertained with "Nize Baby" and did justice to that masterpiece. The Yellows presented an amusing incident concerning the vicissitudes of Rudolph when confronted by ghosts and the noble aid rendered by Miss Guard. The Whites chose an Athletic Wedding, Eleanor Bessell starring in the part of the groom. The talented Juniors undertook a musical comedy and performed excellently. The Faculty burlesqued the ordeal of morning drill, to the great amusement of the entire household. The grand march was one of the main events, and everyone joined in declaring Elizabeth Johnston and Catherine Evatt the winners of the costume prize as dairymaid and a gentle Jersey cow.

The rest of the evening was spent in dancing and playing games or having one's fortune told by a mysterious witch who really turned out to be Arney Anderson. When the party was over, everyone retired rather worn out but quite happy, and firmly convinced that Hallowe'en must be the most unique and one of the most enjoyalbe of the gala days of the season.





# The Tea House Bazaar

No bazaar of the Orient could have equaled the one held at Mt. Vernon on Saturday, December the fourth. For weeks it was the popular topic of conversation, everyone was anticipating the Tea House Bazaar and planning on the Christmas gifts they were intending to purchase.

Sober Study Hall was not recognizable. Circled around the walls were highly-bedecked booths in Christmas greens and papers. Several booths had for their precious load, dainty lingerie, pretty handkerchiefs, intriguing perfume bottles, and dozens of other delightful attractions. Here was the mecca of the Christmas shopper, and it was look quick and buy fast.

One booth must have been Santa's own idea, for there dolls of every description were set out in a most tempting array; too, there were jolly images of St. Nick himself, and also some of the cunningest little toys that would fit so happily in the Christmas stockings.

Another booth, infallibly a popular one, was adorned with a very delectable assortment of fruits, candies, and nuts. Honorable mention must be given to the "grab heap" which proved vastly entertaining.

Rowena Thom featured as an auctioneer and sold chances for an Afghan. Martha Lewis held the lucky number and was the envy of all.

The book room made the greatest appeal to some. Lovely illustrated children's books, the latest novels of interest, books of poetry, of biography, and travel presented such an attractive aspect that only the strong-minded could resist the temptation to invest one's entire fortune here.

After the sweet agony of shopping was over, what could be a greater delight than Cloister Hall transformed into a Yuletide Tea House. Softly-shaded red lights from which hung holly and mistletoe lent a holiday spirit to the scene. On each table was a tiny Christmas tree and a bright red taper which added the final touch of joyous festivity. The menus were irresistible things of art, and made one's appetite almost unladylike! The orchestra was one of the headliners of the Bazaar and well might it be featured. Its success was more than evident.

Only long and untiring effort in preparation could have effected such a flawless Bazaar. Credit for its perfection is due to Miss Trippet and the Domestic Science classes, and we, the guests, are glad of this opportunity to thank our charming hostesses for a most delightful afternoon.





# The Christmas Party

It was crisp, clear and cold outdoors, but within the chapel doors, warmth and sweetness prevailed. The chapel was beautifully decorated in Christmas evergreens, and the most thrilling sight, of course, was the lovely Christmas tree which shone in all its gay splendor.

The Christmas Party is one of the happiest events of the year, for at this time it is the joyous privilege of M. V. S. girls to share the Christmas spirit with those who serve us with such eager hands and loyal devotion.

Our guests of the evening filed in by twos and threes, in sociable groups, and when all were settled quietly, the lights were lowered and in breathless silence we awaited the Nativity Play.

The play was presented with delicate charm and exquisite simplicity. Lois Christman was a perfect Madonna, Catherine Evatt most dignified as Joseph, and the Shepherds and Kings splendidly chosen. Noteworthy, too, was the chorus of angels whose voices heard in the chapel were truly angelic.

The play over, there was a general craning of heads—the exciting arrival of St. Nick amidst a jingle of bells with his back bent by his precious load brought a thrill to all alike.

Rowena, the inimitable, was Santa Claus, and eagerly the small members, sons and daughters of the household staff, gathered around and entertained us with songs, poems, and "recitations." They were rewarded with dolls, drums, books, and other thrilling toys, which delighted the children beyond measure. The older guests were also remembered and were presented with their gifts by Belle and Walker.

The last present distributed, it was time to say good-night, and with light and happy hearts we left the chapel.

# The Ingenuity Contests

In case anyone noticing the remarkable resourcefulness and presence of mind of the members of the Junior and Senior classes has wondered thereat, let her assign it without question to the practice they received in the Ingenuity Contests held in January and the first week of February. The Juniors were good, but the Seniors were better, and that is why the Junior colors were not waved at their class play.





The first contest, the rules and title of which were given by the Faculty without previous warning, was a double effort, the parts of which were "I Look Into My Glass," and "At the Crossroads." The Senior interpretation, very mature and purposeful, connected the two sections into a logical whole, showing in the first a young girl seeing in her glass the paths which lay before her: arts, social service, and so on; the vision left her undecided. In the second part, a symbolic figure of Justice tipped her scales first for one winning argument and then for another, as two more symbolic figures debated the advisability of adopting the social or academic life in the heyday of their happy youth. Genevieve Stewart's convincing arguments swung the balance away from Madge Jarratt's lightsome leanings and, the moral being plain, down came the curtain.

As for the Juniors, they displayed a wearied man reclining alone and gazing into a most ingenious hourglass, fashioned from two bath salts bottles taped together, and beholding his past life weave by him in a train of love affairs, varying in type as he advanced in age; the pantomime was neatly executed and well sustained. Then for the second part, Beth Sherwood and Rowena Thom, the former as a Washington policeman, and the latter as a hick Congressman, indulged in a sprightly dialogue on the subject of Washington, Mount Vernon, and other local topics. After the tumult and the shouting had died, the judges came back and awarded first blood to the Seniors.

Two weeks later, after much preparation, the rivals presented an "Evening With the Classics." The Seniors' effort was a series of tableaux of famous paintings, before each of which a lantern slide of the original painting was shown. The Juniors chose to present literary classics in pantomime, and a pageant of characters thronged past a little prince who wanted stories. For this representation, involving more characterization and action, the Juniors won.

Last of all, to decide the tie, "Shades" was presented by the competitors. The Seniors gave an excellent playlet with much atmosphere and clever costuming, the theme of which was the synthetic construction of the girl of 1927, and to her make-up famous characters from Adam on contributed something they deemed most valuable. The finished product proved to be someone suspiciously like Kay Ferguson seeking education at the portals of M. V. S. The Juniors took the situation far more lightly and presented a musical comedy, "Shades," a play on the shades of blue, with music and dancing, and something of plot. For the last time, the judges were eagerly awaited, and their decision in favor of the Seniors was acclaimed. There is something about age and experience and a deeper sense of values which cannot be beaten.

—Rowena Thom





# The Valentine Party

Thrills and heart throbs! The scene of the best-of-all Valentine parties was so realistically executed that, as we entered the Gymnasium, but for certain limitations we should have burst into voluble French. Things were not what they seemed, for the Gym was no longer a room but a colorful, banner-hung and ribbon-festooned square before an awninged cafe in dear, delightful, wicked old Paris.

Street lamps cast a soft golden glow over the dancers. All signs seemed to point out the fact that it was the fourteenth of Fevrier in 14 rue des Italiens, and had St. Valentine himself peeped in at the window, as he undoubtedly would have, if invited, he must surely have laughed *heartily* at such light-hearted festivity!

Persian ladies of caste accepted their sailor partners eagerly, and when six chic little Parisiennes stepped out in a specialty number extraordinaire, sheiks sat chummily around with rag dolls, or Dutch girls and West Point cadets chatted amicably if somewhat incoherently with Czarinas, Apaches of doubtful, and movie queens of positively uncertain, origin.

Elizabeth Titus, in glorified Oriental garb, won first prize. Mary Cunningham and Jane Quilhot got the vote for the most original costumes: they presented something new in mathematical problems, and Constance Jones and Marjorie Evatt were accorded honorable mention for very clever hand-made dresses. The orchestra provided perfect music, but we found the home-grown stock, in the persons of Flora Hollingsworth and Barbara Baird, more than satisfying in a rendition of popular songs. "Worthy of any musical comedy going" was the echo! One more ideal evening went down in the records and we went to our downy couches with sighs of regret—not unmingled with the joy of reminiscence.





# The Sports Ball

The Sports Ball was something new in our social activities. Everyone was possessed by curiosity and interest as to the character and success of this affair which was to be given by the Athletic Association. Arrayed in golf, tennis, riding, sailing, and coasting costumes, we descended to the Gymnasium. As we approached the scene of the evening's gayety, we discovered from a large sign that we were proceeding toward the "M. V. S. Country Club." We went on to the entrance, where our names were checked by the Japanese doorboy, and were admitted to the club. We gasped in delighted amazement as we stepped out on the gayly-awninged veranda—a striking camouflage of the Gym stage we knew of old.

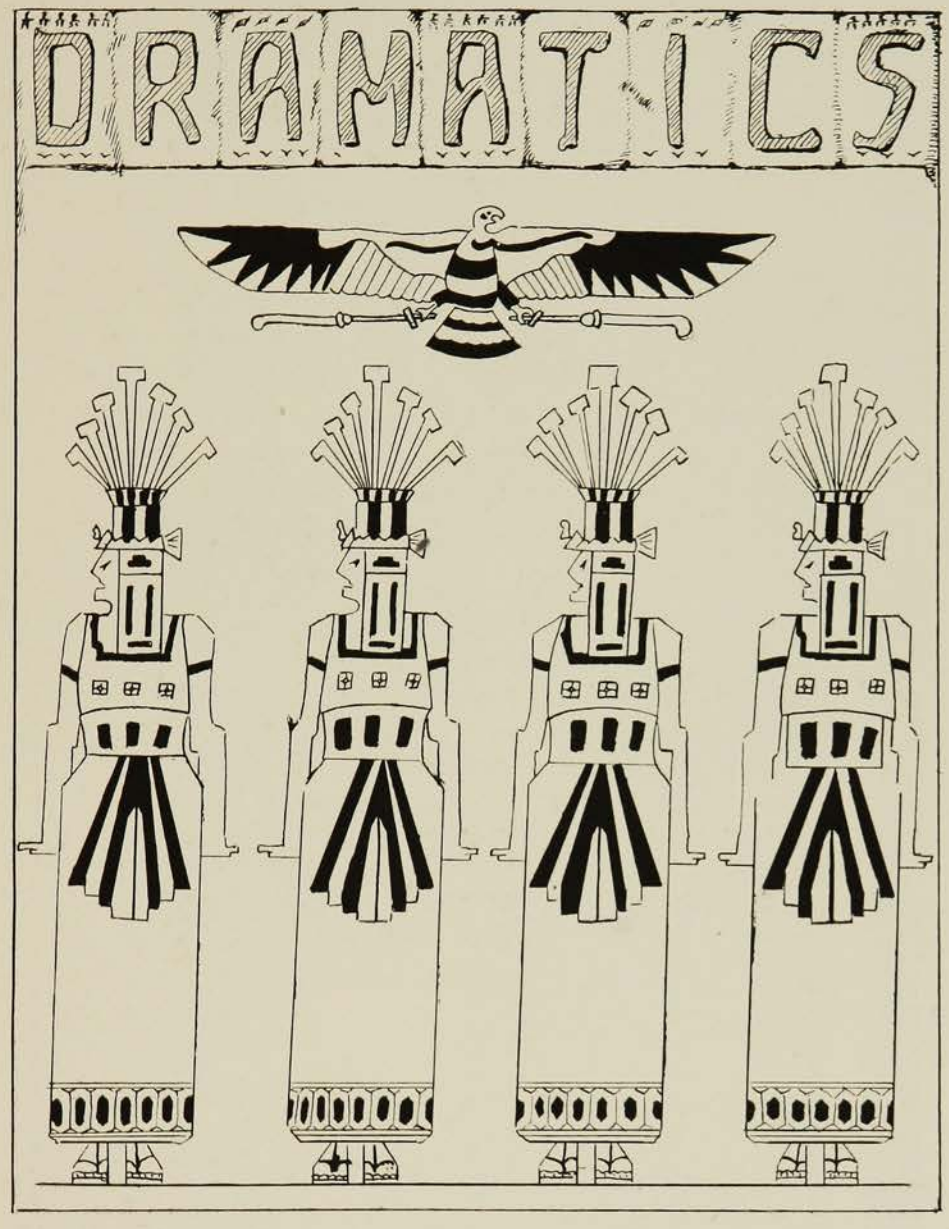
From this point of vantage we reviewed the entire setting before joining the crowd which thronged below. Across a green span of golf links, toward the southeast, we saw the first hole and a tee under a vividly-blue sky which stretched over our heads and faded into a seemingly far horizon. Then as our eyes wandered farther, we perceived in his stable one of the club's polo ponies. He stood unperturbed by the admiring groups gathered about him, gazing woodenly at his saddle which hung at the opposite side of his stable. Oh, indeed he stared very woodenly! After our brief inspection we joined the rest in dancing until the entertainments. A chorus of comely girls in white skirts, colored blazers and belts came first with an intriguing dance of intricate steps. Another chorus of four girls did a very novel dance which was loudly applauded. They were dressed in bright-colored overalls and carried boxes of the same color which played an interesting part in the dance. Flora Hollingsworth and Babs Baird sang several songs in their lovely harmony for us, and Miss MacAuley gave a most amusing monologue. Ellie Miller and Janet Gardner came into prominence with their excellent dancing in the prize contest.

After these various forms of entertainment were ended and the orchestra had played its last "extra," we gave a vote of thanks to the Athletic Association and reluctantly departed.

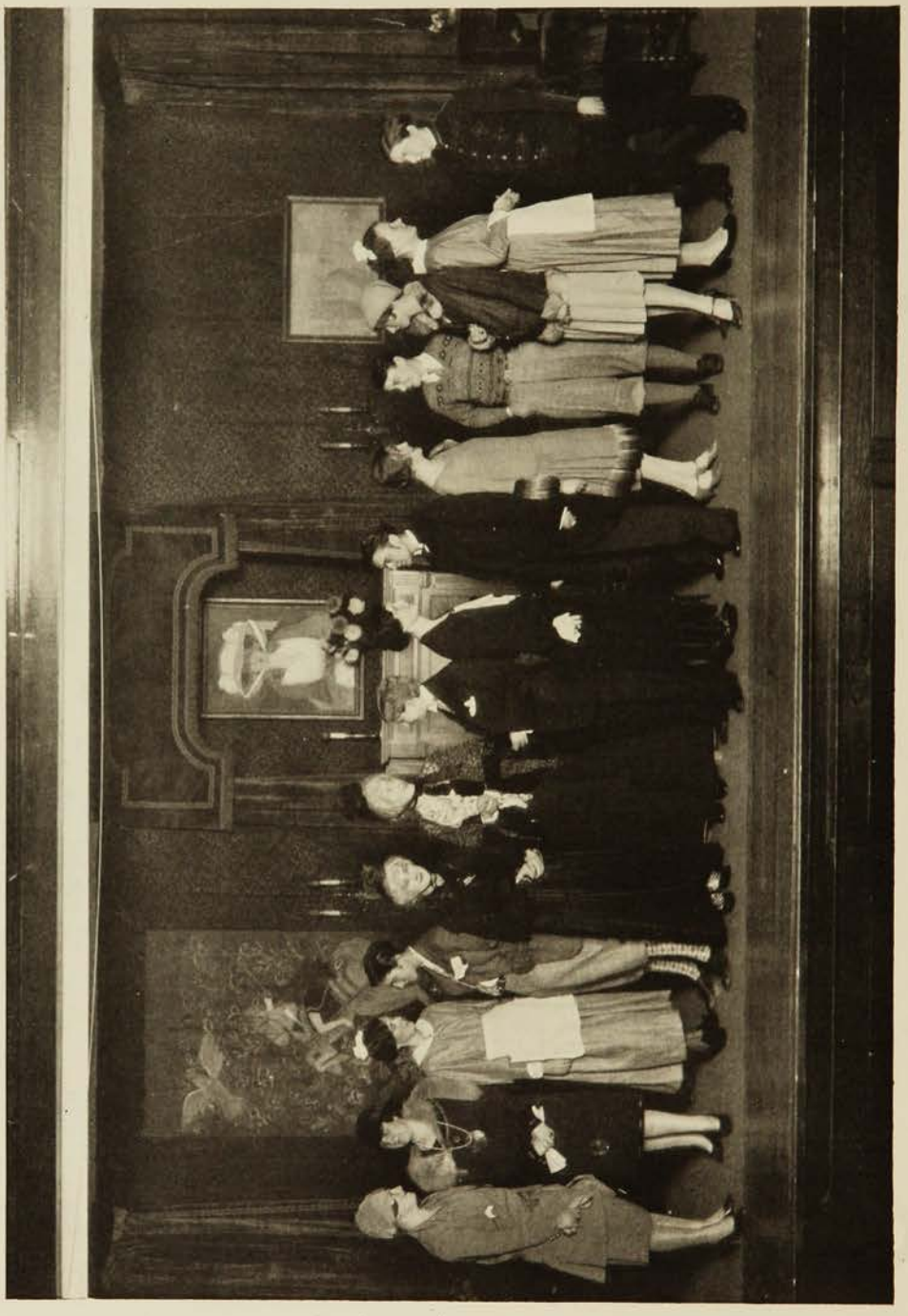




# DRAMATICS









# The Senior Play

A notable cast—talent drawn from a nation-wide selection—delighted M. V. S. on Saturday, December eleventh, with a dramatic rendering of Jerome K. Jerome's "Fanny and the Servant Problem." That the occasion was one of the most notable of the year was evinced by the fact that the Student Body appeared in special-occasion dresses and what crystal beads had been salvaged from previous occasions and preserved for the express purpose of breaking during the crises of the play.

Two soothing mid-Victorian aunts of the very modern heroine, Louise Wende, appeared in the opening scene, and on close inspection proved to be Wilma McFarland and Lois Lasater. They were presently joined by a convivial family doctor who, when not enacting the role of Dr. Freemantle, is known as Janet Gardner. At a most unexpected moment, Fanny herself came on the scene with her dashing bridegroom, Lord Bantock, who had won and wed the fair lady while she believed him naught but a struggling and devoted artist. This young man, played by Genevieve Stewart, brought his surprised actress-bride to his ancestral mansion where she discovered the butler to be her detested uncle, Martin Bennet, one of a group of ancient servitors whose numbers were only rivaled in greatness by their uprightness and efficiency. Among them was Mary Adams, stern and black-clad; Mary Cunningham, deliciously natural; Kathryn Ferguson, prim and dry; Beatrice Masterson, boyish and diverting; and the redoubtable Elizabeth Council as that heavy villain, the butler. When the tenseness of the situation became acute, Kathleen Sheldon as Fanny's ex-business manager and self-appointed press-agent appeared, mustached and glib, and disclosed the fact that his misrepresentation to Bantock of Fanny's family connections was amazing in its ingenuity and deep in its consequences. Comedy relief was ably supplied in the last act by the entrance of Jane Oliver, Frances Price, and Margaret Meyer in the role of actress-friends of our heroine. A sequence of surprising events finally brought to Bantock's knowledge the fact that his wife was the niece of his butler, who, since her arrival, had missed no opportunity in tutoring her for the part she was to play as the wife of his Lordship. The deception staggered the latter, and things looked dark for a moment, but the sun came through at last, and Bennet gave his niece solemnly to the noble Bantock, who took her for what she was with the full consent of her uncle.

The playing of the entire cast was animated and convincing; we do not doubt that they were enjoying themselves as much as we were delighting in them. Particular attention is due Louise Wende whose part was far from simple, and whose rendering of it was entirely sympathetic. There were gales of applause for Genevieve Stewart who, with her numerous double-quick changes of manly attire, seemed to have left her Femininity at the





stage entrance. The absolute consistency, the cold, measured tones, and the expressive use of her features made the performance of Elizabeth Council thoroughly excellent.

Mention must be made of the very realistic and well-planned stage-setting, for the direction of which Miss Edwards claims our gratitude. And the one who made it all possible with her enthusiasm, direction, and unflagging efforts—Miss Frances—deserves the hearty appreciation of all who saw the play.

At the conclusion, after the curtain had rung down and expectations were fulfilled, the Seniors stepped forth and sang their class songs, always an event of pleasure. A reception held in Great Hall, where everyone greeted the cast and enjoyed refreshments concluded a most memorable evening.

# Junior Play

## THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

It was with eager anticipation that we looked forward to the Junior Play. Some of us had seen "The School for Scandal" the preceding year at Belasco's, and it was with added interest that we listened to the interpretations of this new cast which consisted of:

| | |
|---|---|
| *Sir Peter Teazle* | Catherine Evatt |
| *Sir Oliver Surface* | Dorothea Sigel |
| *Sir Benjamin Backbite* | Katherine Archibald |
| *Mr. Crabtree* | Faith Decker |
| *Sir Joseph Surface* | Elizabeth Sherwood |
| *Sir Charles Surface* | Edna Sherman |
| *Sir Harry* | Martha Gallagher |
| *Mr. Careless* | Eleanor Miller |
| *Rowley* | Mary Alicia Harper |
| *Moses* | Mary Pope |
| *Snake* | Eleanor Hammer |
| *Trip* | Margaret Alves |
| *Sir Joseph's Servant* | Jane Quilhot |
| *Lady Teazle* | Virginia Harris |
| *Lady Sneerwell* | Miriam Grosvenor |
| *Mrs Candour* | Elizabeth Roberts |
| *Maria* | Martha Fitton |





The delightful part of such a long cast was to see what splendid theatrical talent the Junior Class as a whole presented. The rather difficult lines were rendered with fluency and the intriguing situations were admirably interpreted.

But no wonder. Lady Teazle was perfectly portrayed by Virginia Harris, who combined beauty, wit, and charm in this light and scandal-loving character.

Catherine Evatt as Sir Peter faultlessly took the part of a loving but sometimes overburdened husband and the mistaken father in regard to the true worth of his sons. She played the man's part exceptionally well and her voice was indeed masculine.

Mim made a most vivacious Lady Sneerwell. Her biting sarcasm made us wither and hope that she held no grudge against us.

Snake, played by Eleanor Hammer, was a most obedient and obsequious servant to that sharp-tongued lady.

Mrs. Candour added quite a note of humor. Libby did not believe in tale-bearing but couldn't keep from telling the latest "have you heard?"

Maria was very pretty, and as it is the agreeable thing to have the heroine sweet and charming, we were particularly happy over Martha Fitton's portrayal of this part.

Sir Joseph, the two-faced rascal and villain of the play, was splendidly done by Beth Sherwood. The manly swagger that she was able to achieve added quite a dashing note.

Sir Charles, the profligate brother of the supposedly-good Sir Joseph, was the attractive "man about town," wearing a very gorgeous and becoming white satin suit. The debonair Sir Charles won our hearts as well as that of Maria.

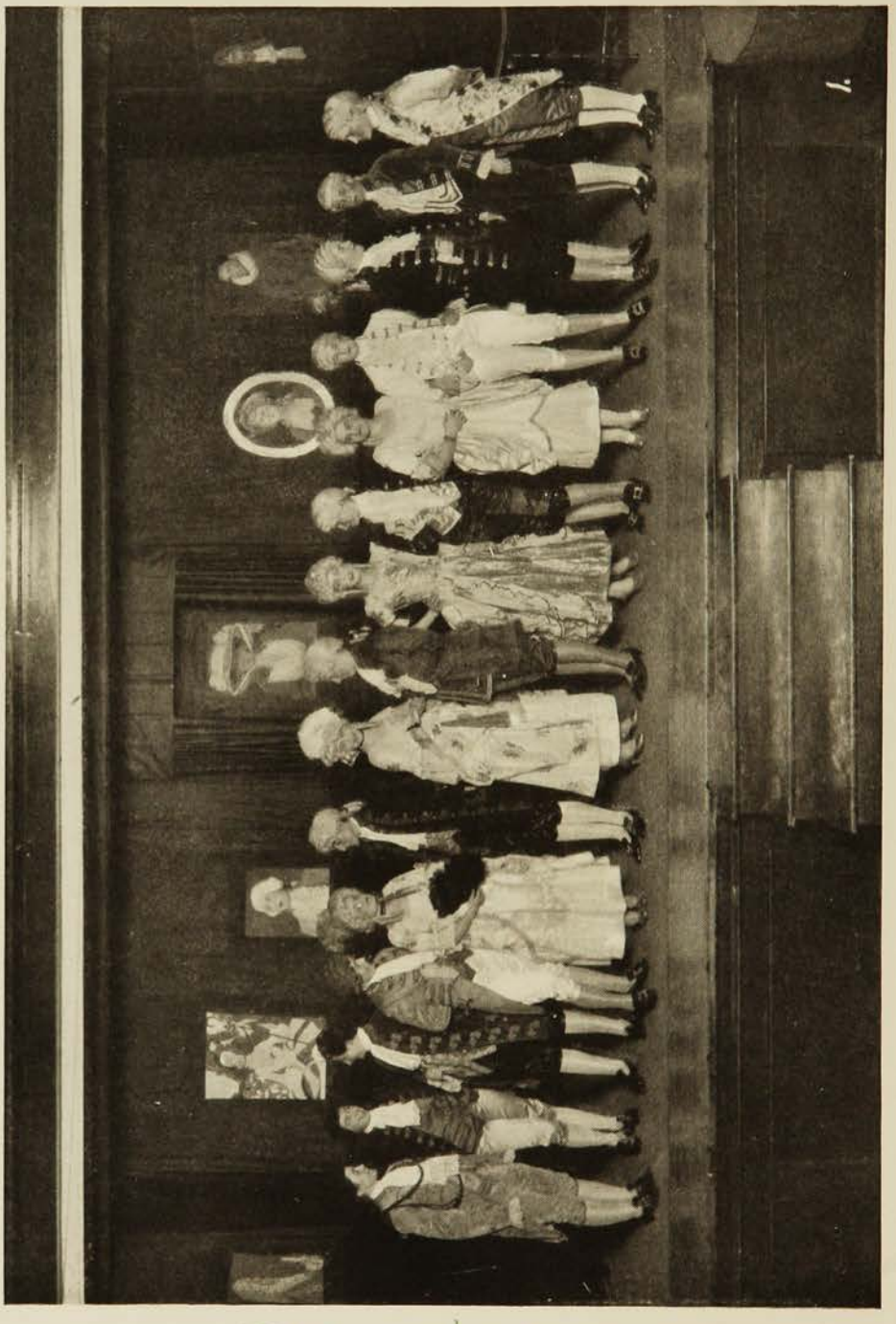
Martha Gallagher and Eleanor Miller were the gay and convivial companions of Sir Charles, and jolly ones they seemed.

Dorothea Sigel as the rich uncle played her part with fine skill and Kay Archibald was all that his name implied.

The servants all were extremely good in their parts and were not the least of this most successful play.









# The Yellow and White Class Plays

The Yellow and White Classes brought their numerous successes of the year to a triumphant climax on the night that they presented their one-act plays. Both were done with superb finesse and were worthy of the high praise accorded them. "Aria da Capa," by Edna St. Vincent Millay, presented by the White Class, was a futuristic fantasy. It was the Stage of Life, viewed by an impartial Prompter who watched the gambols of Comedy and the bitterness of Tragedy. As the play progresses, it sets forth with commendable sublety the theory that the Tragic Muse is almost inseparable from her twin sister, the Comic Muse, and that, come what may, Life goes on in the same relentless way.

Nancy Dougherty and Sue Beckwith were charming as Pierrot and Columbine, and the parts of the two shepherds were taken admirably by Jeanne Gilchrist and Ruth Crabbs.

"The Turtle Dove," by Margaret Scott Oliver, was the play selected by the Yellow Class, and was given after the manner of the Chinese Theater. The old plot—a girl, a servant boy (a prince in disguise, of course), and a hard, cruel father, took on new life when the clever little maid feigned death to fool her crafty parent, while love stepped in to help the poor unfortunates, and the fact was disclosed that the servant lover was a prince after all! Martha Seabury did splendid work as the mandarin-father; Janet Gailey was perfect in the role of the resonant-voiced, flowery lover; and Emily Pope covered herself with glory, for she made a lovely little Chinese heroine. Eugenie Bournique, with not a line to speak, yet managed by the poignant delicacy of her pantomime to make herself seen and felt if not heard. We cannot stress too strongly our admiration for this portrayal of the drolly-whimsical Property Man . . . . .The evening was one of the most pleasurable that we have spent, and we tender our warmest thanks and congratulations to the Yellow and White Classes!





# Moliere

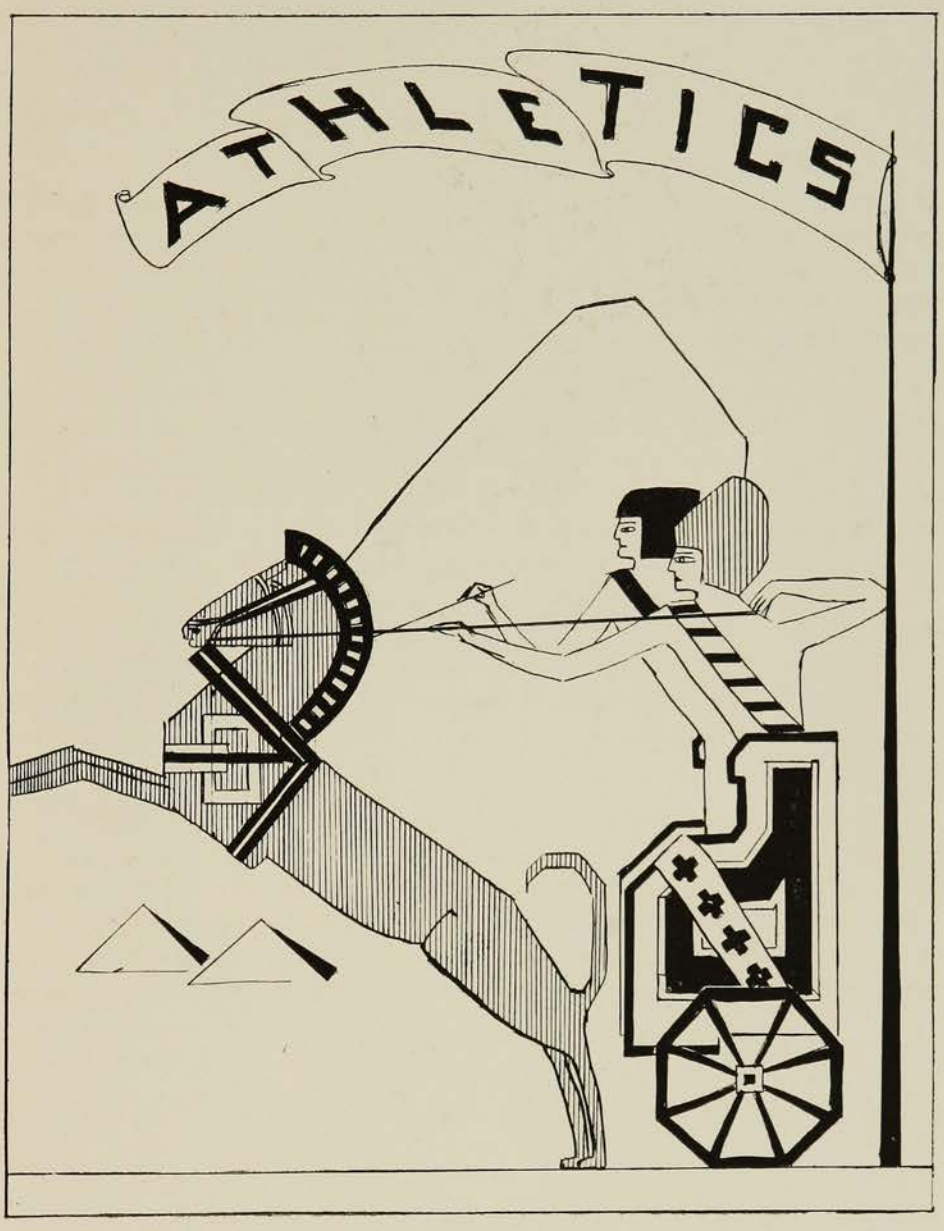
In keeping with the traditions of Mount Vernon Seminary, the Commencement Play was the most pretentious production of the year. The budding actresses of the school and their competent director, Miss Frances, were not daunted by the task that was theirs of presenting the difficult tragedy, "Moliere," by Philip Moeller. Their efforts were rewarded by a success which made a new record for M. V. S.

One of the most histrionically-gifted of the Seniors, Alice Campbell, had the title role, that of *Moliere*. The tragic life and lovable character of that great dramatist gave ample opportunity for the display of her dramatic talents; and the audience, whose breathless interest in her every act was plainly noticeable, could not restrain their tears as she portrayed the tragic death scene of the lonely writer. Eugenie Bournique, as the young and charming actress-wife of Moliere, achieved instant popularity and gave promise of future triumphs; and Louise Wende, as the unscrupulous but ravishingly-beautiful "de Montespan," gave an exquisite rendering of a difficult part. The acting of Marion Kennedy, as the haughty "Louis XIV," who, though all-powerful, was not insensible to womanly wiles and charm; of Anne Young, as a lovable old actor; of Eleanor Hayden, as a temperamental and jealous musician; and of Caroline Sweeney, as the delightful friend and housekeeper of Moliere, was especially commendable.

Indeed, every part in the play, even the smallest, was interpreted realistically and commendably; and laurels also belong to those others who made the production the fine example of unity and co-ordination that it was—Janet Gailey, M. L. Gaut, Jean Barker, Mary Ann Peacock, Elizabeth Council, Ruth Crabbs, Eleanor Bessell, Mary Adams, and Janet Sanders. The settings were unusually beautiful and the costumes almost too charming for our peace of mind. To Miss Frances and the cast go our most sincere congratulations.






ATHLETICS







# Athletic Association

| | |
|---|---|
| Mary Cunningham | *President* |
| Jane Quilhot | *Secretary* |
| Connie Bavinger | *Treasurer* |

## ATHLETIC BANNER HONOR



The Junior Class worked all year rolling up points in its favor. Finally, at the end of school this class was rewarded by winning the Banner which was proudly displayed during Commencement Week.

## ATHLETIC AWARD

The medal is the highest honor given by the Athletic Department and was won for the second time by Mary Cunningham.

# Tennis

Connie Bavinger and Caroline Sweeney were matched against Mary Cunningham in the doubles finals. It was a pretty game, and the '25-'26 Championship was won by Connie and Caroline.

Jane Guilhot and Connie Bavinger met in the singles finals; both played hard and fast, but in the end Jane proved the better, so winning the tennis championship of the school.

In the fall, we had a tennis ladder, everyone working hard to gain the top. Finally, Eleanore Haigh reached and held this coveted rung, defeating every one who challenged her lofty position.





# Basketball

## PRELIMINARY GAMES

The preliminary first team basketball games were played Friday, November 19th. The Juniors and Yellows played first. It was a close game; the Yellows played hard, but the Juniors finally proved too much for them, winning with a score of 30-24. The Seniors and Whites then went on the field. Both teams worked hard, but the Seniors rolled up the score in the beginning and kept in the lead for the rest of the game. The score was 20-9.

Tuesday, November 23rd, proved to be a successful and exciting day; successful for the Juniors' and Whites' second teams, and exciting for all concerned. At three o'clock the school turned out en masse at the basketball field. We cheered lustily with the help of Madge Jarratt and Ellie Miller, our enthusiastic cheer leaders. The first teams to play were the Juniors and Seniors, and both showed good spirit. The former managed to keep in the lead throughout, although the latter fought pluckily to the end. Finally, the Juniors won the laurels which they justly deserved. The score was 12-2.

Next to come on the field and show good hard teamwork were the Whites and Yellows. It was a close race right up to the end, but the Whites proved a little superior and came out ahead with a score of 24-21.

## CHAMPIONSHIP GAME

Thanksgiving Day arrived; everyone was intensely excited, for at ten o'clock the class championship game was to be held. The school assembled promptly at the court and cheered lustily as first the Senior and then the Junior teams marched in.

The game was fast and exciting, both teams played extremely well, and it was only after a hard fight that the Juniors proved themselves the stronger, thus acquiring the coveted title for 1926 with a score of 30-22.

| | *Seniors* | *Juniors* | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Forwards:* | Palmer Dallis | *Forwards:* | Edna Sherman |
| | Mary Cunningham (*Captain*) | | Beth Sherwood |
| *Centers:* | Kathryn Hawkes | *Centers:* | Jane Quilhot |
| | Mary S. Adams | | Dorothy Sigel (*Captain*) |
| *Guards:* | Janet McKinney | *Guards:* | Mary Alicia Harper |
| | Kathleen Sheldon | | Faith Decker |






M
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28



### SECOND TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP

The final second team game between the Whites and Juniors also took place on Thanksgiving. The Juniors struggled, but in vain; the score rolled up and up in favor of the Whites until when the whistle blew it stood 19-14 in favor of the White team.

| | *Juniors* | | *Whites* |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Forwards:* | Eileen Lafferty | *Forwards:* | Laurene Walker |
| | Martha Gallagher | | Elizabeth Born |
| *Centers:* | Miriam Grosvenor | *Centers:* | Jean Spens |
| | Martha Fitton | | Carol Bagby |
| *Guards:* | Catherine Evatt | *Guards:* | Margaret Smith |
| | Eleanor Voorhees | | Margaret Johnson |

### VARSITY GAME

On Saturday, March 5th, everyone full of hope and expectation boarded the green buses and started for the Epiphany Gymnasium. Arrived there we were greeted by a goodly number of the opposition from Miss Madeira's School. The game was watched with breathless enthusiasm. No one wished to miss a move, so beautiful was the clean, quick passwork shown by our girls. Only Miss Wallace's earnest work and patient coaching could have given us such a team. The Madeira team played a fair and square game, and we admired their sportsmanship. Our captain, Mary Cunningham, spurred us on and urged our best, and she was rewarded by seeing her team win with a score of 32-28.

### TEAM

| | |
|---|---|
| *Forwards:* | Mary Cunningham (*Captain*) |
| | Connie Bavinger |
| *Centers:* | Jane Quilhot |
| | Betty Wynn Rugee |
| *Guards:* | Dorothy Sigel |
| | Beth Sherwood |

# Golf

### BRIGHAM-CUNNINGHAM CUP

The golf championship was played in the Spring of 1926. Mary Woolfolk won the cup after defeating Eleanor Linn in the final round.

### PELLETIER SWIMMING CUP

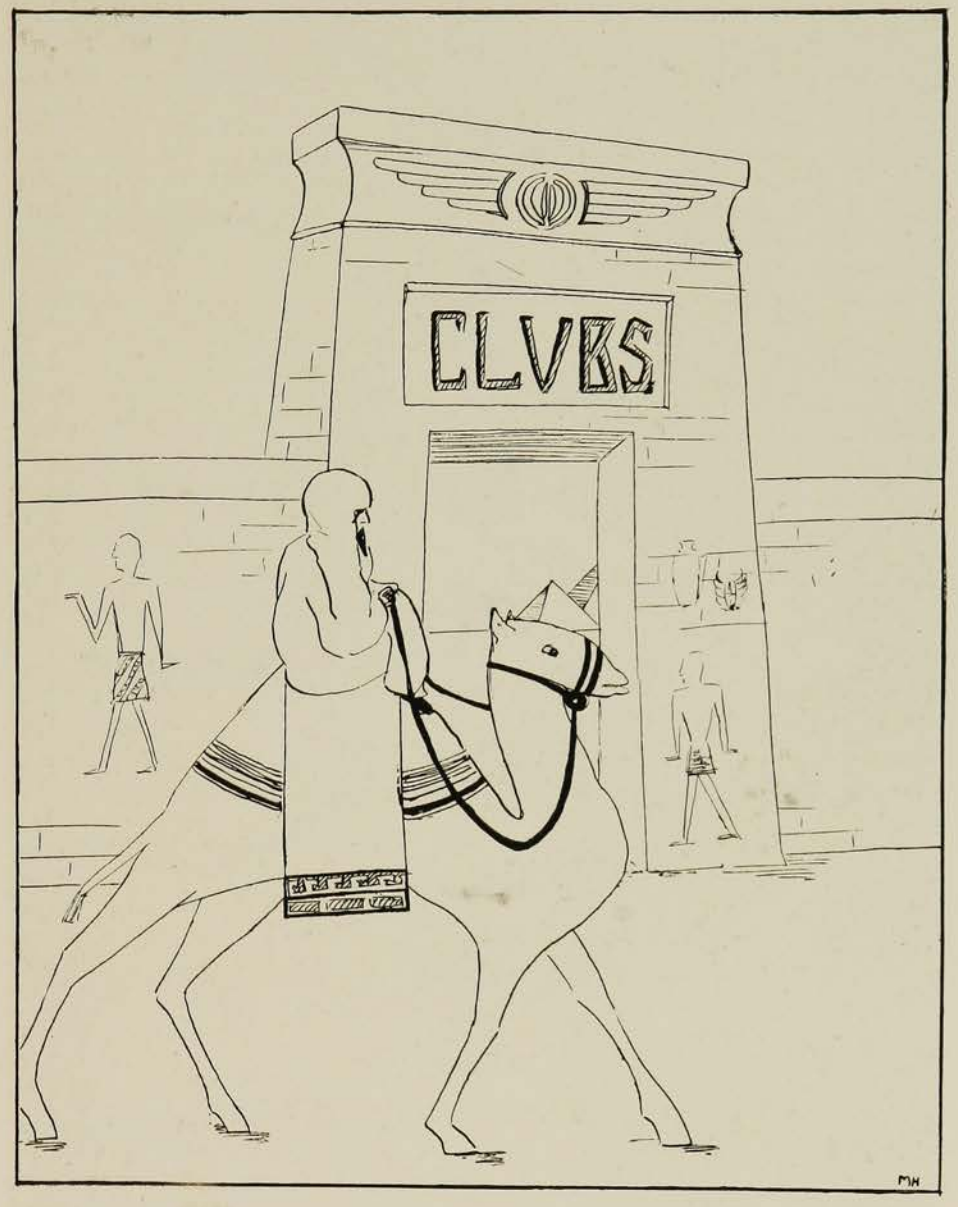
This cup is presented to the girl who has made the greatest progress in swimming during the year. For the year of '25-'26 the cup was awarded to Kathryn Hawkes whose untiring efforts were worthy of such reward.










CLVBS
MH





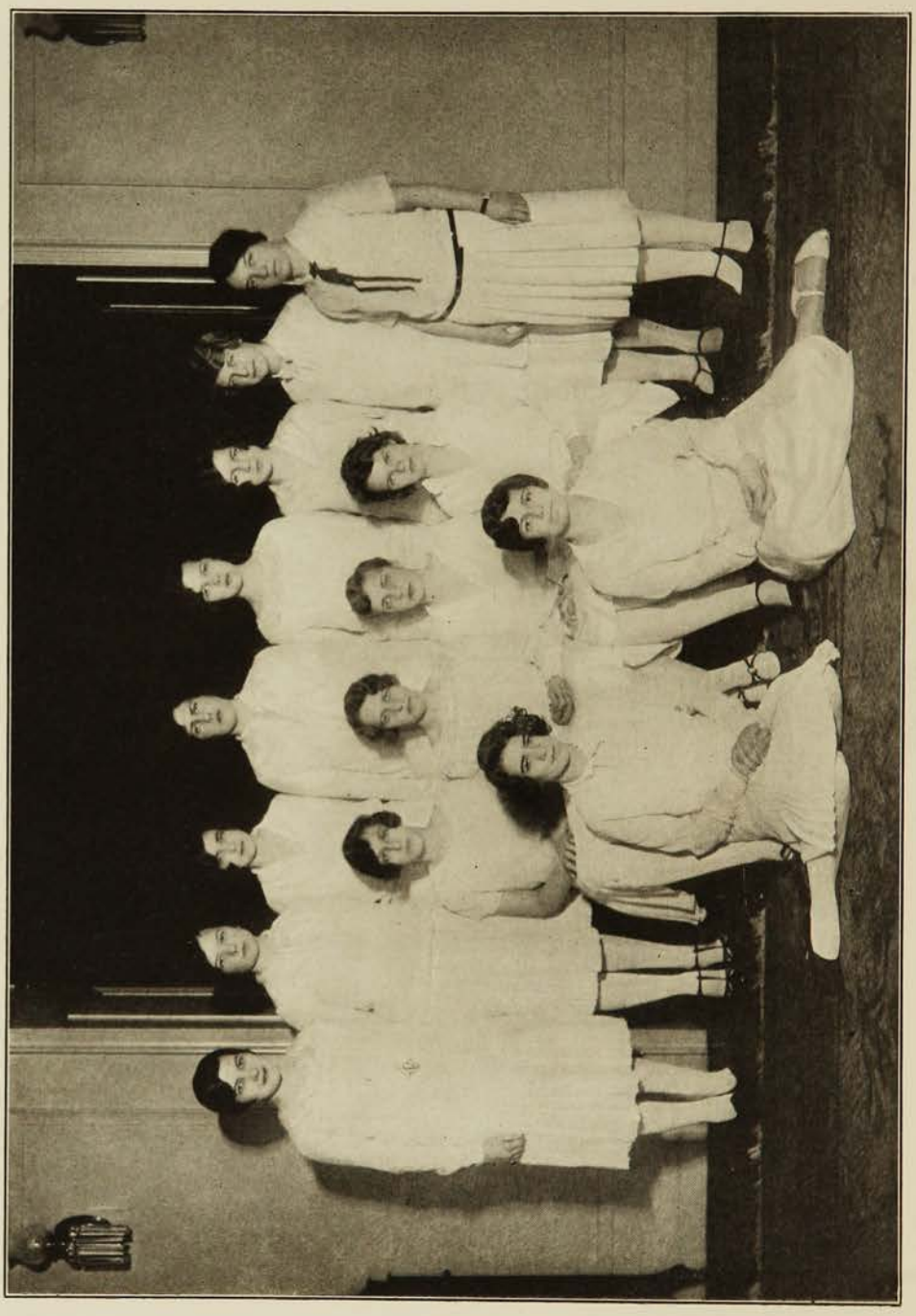
# Optima

| | |
|---|---|
| Miss Jean Dean Cole, Miss Katharine Hill | *Honorary Members* |
| Genevieve Stewart | *President* |
| Margaret Meyer | *Vice-President* |
| Georgia Hencken | *Secretary* |
| Dorothy Thomson | *Treasurer* |

Mary Adams
Jane Armstrong
Sue Beckwith
Elizabeth Born
Frances Bosworth
Eugenie Bournique
Lois Christman
Jessie Clark
Jane Cochran
Evelyn Comstock
Palmer Dallis
Gretchen Dishong
Odessa Erhart
Catherine Evatt
Kathryn Ferguson
Eleanor French
Janet Gardner
Jeanne Gilchrist
Alice Hand
Virginia Harris
Anne Hearne
Georgia Hencken
Flora Hollingsworth
Margaret Johnson
Frances Johnston
Eileen Lafferty
Lois Lasater
Martha Lewis
Beatrice Masterson
Wilma McFarland
Margaret Meyer
Eleanor Miller
Margaret Murphy
Daisy Parsons
Elizabeth Roberts
Kathleen Sheldon
Margaret M. Smith
Genevieve Stewart
Rowena Thom
Dorothy Thomson









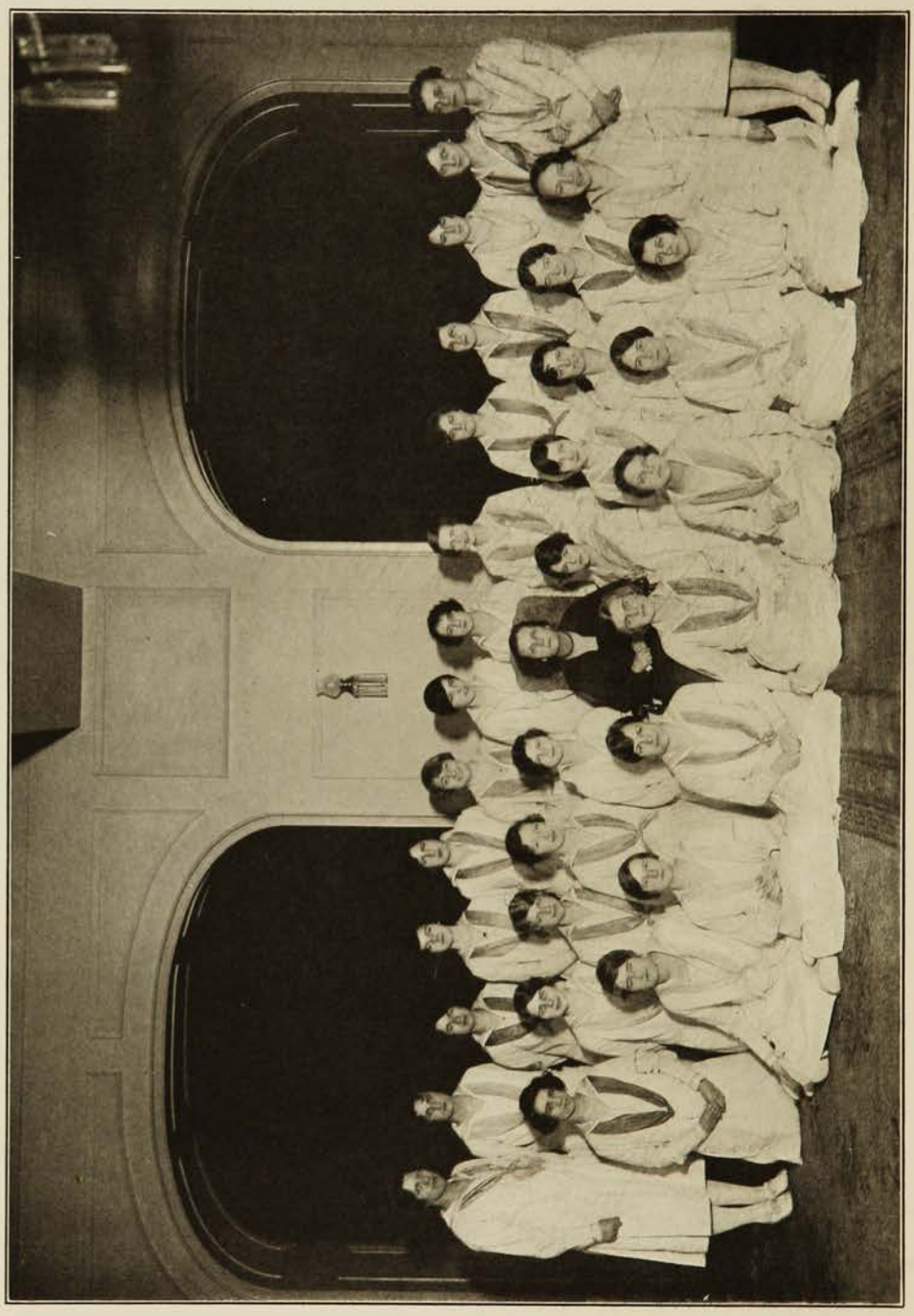
# French Club

| | |
|---|---|
| Mme. Eleanore Peltier | *Honorary Member* |
| Mary Cunningham | *President* |
| Eleanor Miller | *Vice-President* |
| Elizabeth Born | *Secretary* |
| Anne Hearne | *Treasurer* |

Martha Alexander
Carol Bagby
Elizabeth Born
Lois Christman
Jessie Clark
Mary Cunningham
Faith Decker
Eleanor French
Anne Hearne
Marguerite Herrick
Marjory Mallory
Wilma McFarland
Eleanor Miller
Margaret Murphy
Elizabeth Roberts
Grace Smith









# Choral Club

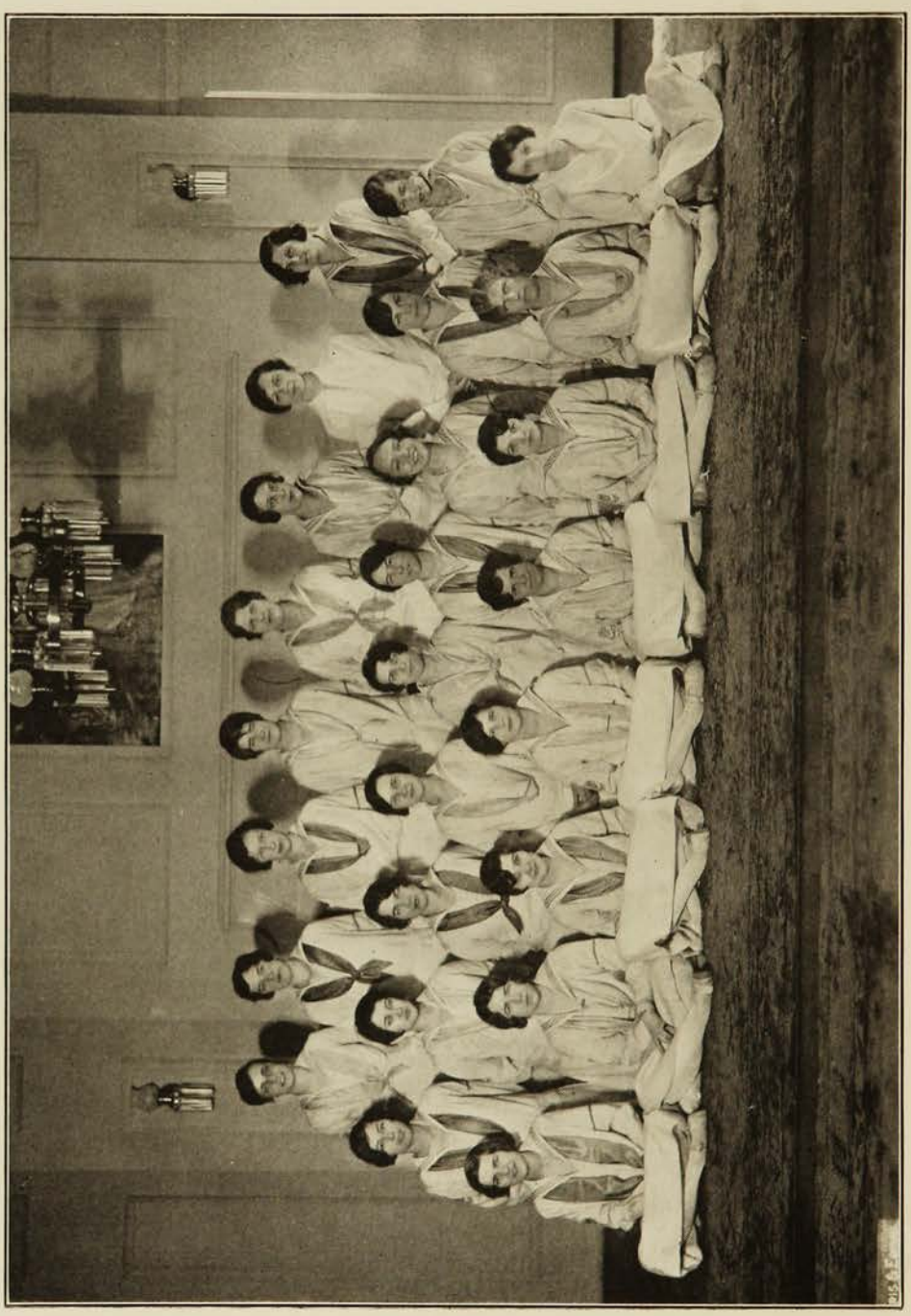
| | |
|---|---|
| Mrs. A. K. Payne | *Director* |
| Flora Hollingsworth | *President* |
| Elizabeth Council | *Vice-President* |
| Dorothea Sigel | *Secretary-Treasurer* |

Martha Alexander
Margaret Alves
Arney Anderson
Barbara Baird
Kathryn Bavinger
Eugenie Bournique
Lois Christman
Sibyl Cleveland
Elizabeth Council
Catherine Dominick
Odessa Erhard
Catherine Evatt
Kathryn Ferguson
Janet Gailey
Martha Gallagher
Jeanne Gilchrist
Esther Goetz
Mary Alicia Harper
Virginia Harris
Flora Hollingsworth
Margaret Johnson
Elizabeth Johnston
Constance Jones
Eileen Lafferty
Eleanor Miller
Emily Pope
Elizabeth Roberts
Miriam Robertson
Jane Rogers
Edna Sherman
Elizabeth Sherwood
Dorothea Sigel

Grace Smith









# Choir

Mr. Adolf Torovsky, Jr. . . . . *Director*

Arney Anderson
Barbara Baird
Kathryn Bavinger
Elizabeth Council
Sibyl Cleveland
Gretchen Dishong
Katherine Dominick
Odessa Erhard
Catherine Evatt
Martha Fitton
Janet Gailey
Martha Gallagher
Janet Gardner
Miriam Grosvenor
Eleanor Hammer
Mary Alicia Harper
Virginia Harris
Margaret Johnson
Elizabeth Johnston
Constance Jones
Eileen Lafferty
Wilma McFarland
Eleanor Miller
Beatrice Masterson
Emily Pope
Jean Redick
Elizabeth Roberts
Jane Rogers
Elizabeth Sherwood
Genevieve Stewart

Dorothea Sigel

SUBSTITUTES

Eugenie Bournique
Lois Christman
Eleanor Duval
Jeanne Gilchrist
Lois Lasater
Louise Redfield
Grace Smith
Jane Cochran
Helen Groetzinger
Louise Quarles

Miriam Robertson







# Walking Club

Miss Cole, Miss Guard, Miss Slauson . . . . . *Honorary Members*

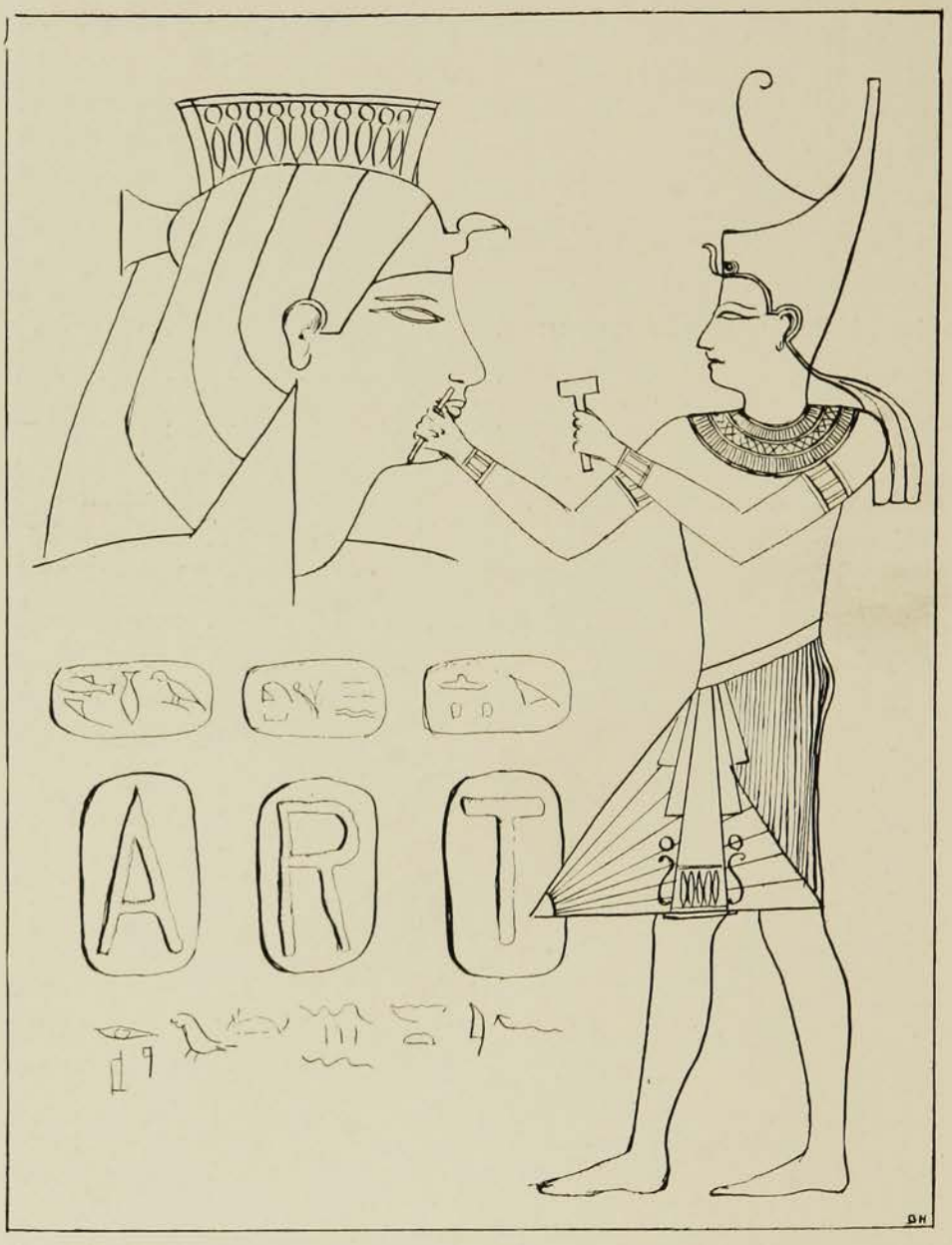
K. Sheldon . . . . . *President*

P. Jeffery . . . . . *Treasurer*

Arney Anderson
Eleanor Bessell
J. Clark
S. Cleveland
E. Comstock
E. French
J. Gardner
M. Herrick
M. Horst
P. Jeffery
C. Jones
M. Johnson
F. Johnston
J. Oliver
J. Redick
J. Reilly
E. Roberts
M. Seabury
K. Sheldon
E. Thompson
L. Wende






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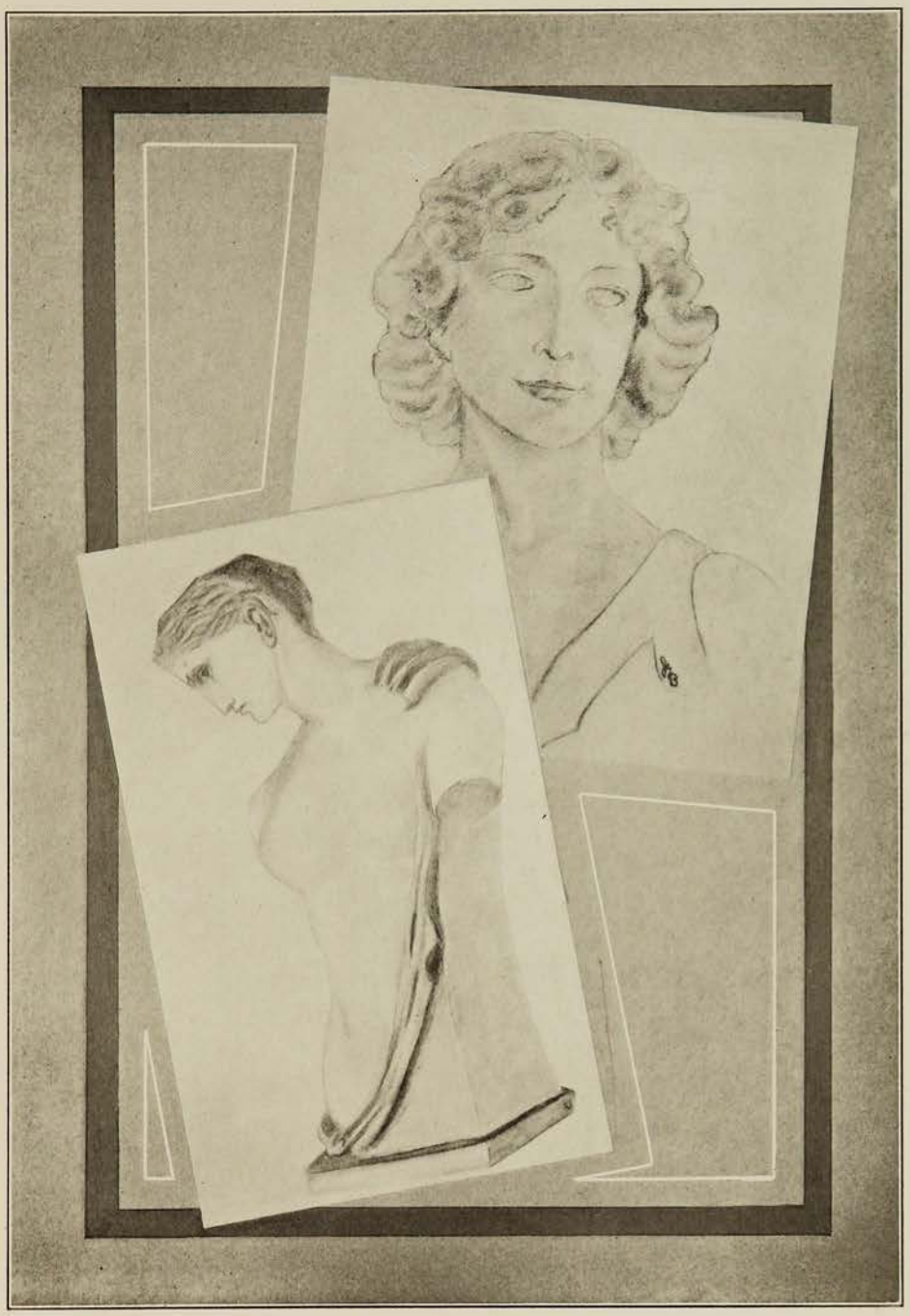



LITTLE
JACK
HORNER




MODES
SUZANNE
ANNUAL
WATER CARNIVAL
of the
RIO VISTA YACHT CLUB
BOOK
SHOP
EASTER
BONNETS



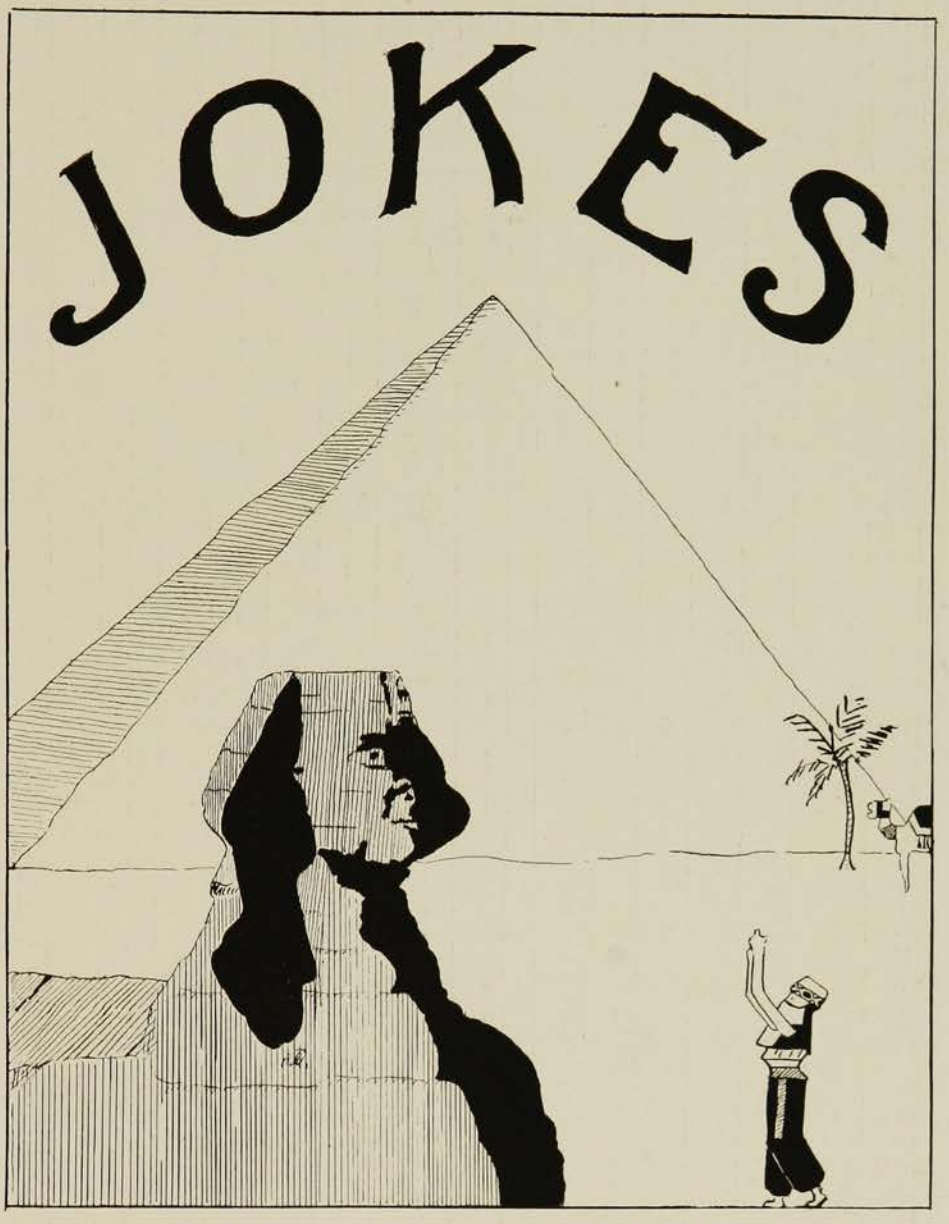








# JOKES







| | *Guiding Motto* | *Secret Vice* | *Chief Attraction* | *Favorite Ditty* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| KAY | I hate to keep reminding you all, but . . | Special movie permissions | Infinitesimal feet | Yes, Miss Cole |
| WILMA | What is worth doing at all is worth doing well | White powder | Such a big brain in such a little place | A wee, small voice in the dark |
| GRETCHEN | Blessed are they that hunger and thirst for they shall be fed | Those specials from Omaha | Wee, winsome ways | I won't keep you all more than a minute but I know of a family . . . . |
| JANE | "A" indicates extensive supplementary work . . . | Counting calories | That way of hers with photographers | Has *any* one seen Pearl? |
| BOOTSIE | Laugh and the world shouts with you | Finding holes in vestments | Fondness for ache lotion | Alves, Anderson, Bavinger, Baird, Council, etc. |
| DOT | At any given time the marginal utility of a commodity, etc. | Studying | Texas patriotism | Great minds run together |
| JANE OLIVER | Third Commandment | Furnishing business for the Red Cross Department | That ever-ready wit | Don't Ask |
| FRANNIE | You never can tell from where you sit | Squealing after lights | Long / Short } hair | Mais *oui*, Madame |
| LOIS | Serene, unchanging, ever lovely | Spanish verse | Classic profile | Where's Madge? |
| MADGE | Two Bs and you're emancipated | Evading posture class | That excellent thing in woman | Where's Lois? |
| LOUISE | Why | Solving servant problems | Growing athletic tendency | Oh, floof! |
| JANET | Eh bien, Jeannette | Forming deep, dark, dangerous theories | Another promising coiffeur | But Miss Elting, I . . . . |
| TOAD | Vincit, qui se vincit | Reforming the young | Smile | Ray, Ray— |
| LIZ | Steady, girls, steady | Busy—please excuse | It | California, here I come |
| PALMER | Have you a little fairy in your home? | Remarkable vaudeville performances | Size | What page is *he* on? |
| MARY | By music shall ye soothe the savage breast | Miss Kleps' section | Successful versatility | 9,999,999 of 'em |
| EVALINE | Still waters run deep | Who knows? | Exclusiveness | Somewhere a voice is calling |
| KAY HAWKES | Give me *more* channels to swim | Collecting gold stars | Figure | Will there be swimming tonight, Miss MacAuley? |
| ODESSA | Where, oh where has my roommate gone? | Desire for long hair | Ankles | Oh Kay |
| MARY | What is home without a home-maker? | Assisting school walks | That pep | Exercise with energy |
| KATIE | Art for art's sake | Playing with patent eyelash grower | That after-grippe bass | Eat and stay thin |
| JANIE | CUPOLA, CUPOLA, where is thy sting? | Being a universal mother | Those peculiar gestures | Moonlicht und Roseheim |
| MAGGIE | A little child shall lead them | Remembering who put pennies in collection | Char-r-rum | So's Marie |

# U-Pun My Word Of—

The table (timidly): Please make a pun for us, Rowena.

Rowena (obligingly): Well, let me punder.

Genie: What's the point of big alarm clock on floor next to bed, Mimi?

Mimi (with large yawn): Oh, so I can step out of bed on time, dear, dear—

Pretty Bad (noting sick sign): Is Lois in bed again?

Worse: Yes, she's lois can be.

Madame P. (at Faculty meeting): She goetz my goatz.

Anonymous: What is Wende's favorite fairy tale, d'you suppose?

Better So: Beauty and the Buffalo, probably.

Bright: What did Miss Barber say when you told her you'd changed your mind and wanted a ticket to California instead of the one she got for you for New York?

Ditto: Just ticket or leave it!

Gurgle: Does anyone know Sunny's favorite indoor sport?

Grim: Um, teacher! I do! It's—

Guffaw: Walsen!!

And finally said the Elder Pliny with a sigh, "I love puns."

The Younger Pliny (hopefully): Puns, uncle? Oh yes, yes, Puns and Coffee! (?)

Frances Johnson: Rowena, I can't keep my eyes off your eyelashes.

Rowena: And I can't keep my eyelashes off my eyes.

# Chemical Discoveries of '27

Ferguson: Protoplasm, essential to life of '27.

Hawkes: Wiry substance combines actively with $H_2O$.

Dallis: An ion (little wanderer), very active and non-malleable.

Stewart: Extremely active, purifies lesser elements under favorable conditions.

Council: Inflammable, combining readily with lesser elements.

McFarland: Gives off pure white light.

Dishong and Armstrong: Tend to cling together.

Wende: Contains freezing properties.

Jarratt: Rare, seldom found.

Oliver: Round ion, easily shaped with rubber moulds.





# "If" for Roommates

If you can keep your books when all about you
Are losing theirs, and blaming it on you;
If you can find a tie when others doubt you
And find a belt for all their doubting, too;
If you can take a bath in ninety seconds,
Remember just to chew your gum at home;
If you can keep your dates straight at nine-twenty
And keep your voice quite gentle when you roam—

If you can keep your towels always folded
And never indiscreetly leave out shoes;
If you can "See Miss Cole" on Sunday evenings
And hardly ever cultivate the Blues;
If you can say, "For Lent I've given up ice cream,"
And yet still speak to less heroic souls;
If you can shop and not forget your violets,
And if in choir keep vestments free from holes;

If you can riot eagerly or slumber
According to your sleepy roommate's mood;
If you can get marked off times without number
And always have an attitude that's good;
If you can sleep till drill and get to breakfast,
Find your last Hershey gone and still be mild;
If you can swear you've lived by these requirements
Then know that you're the perfect roommate, child.

For Miss MacAuley there's a race,
Fair suitors, many, chase and chase,
And in the office claim a place
To sit and sigh in.
It welcomes one or ten or more;
The hall rug's worn quite off the floor;
But what we'd like to know or
Not—will Betty Wynn?





# "— or What Have You"

Once upon a time there was a Carpenter. Every day he went to his Grove beyond the Churchyard to get some wood. One day as it was Cole, he began to run, and he ran and he ran until he couldn't run any more because he got such a Payne. He sat down and no sooner did he do so than he Slauson one coming. It was a whole lot of policemen and they came Martin up the Hill, left, right, left, right, right through the Elting rain. When they got right up to him they cried, "Hold out your Hanna." and they put Kleps on them. And he suddenly became frightened and said, "Are you going to take me to jail?" And they said, "Yes," and thought it a great joke and dragged him along Chickering all the while 'til they came to the town Hall. Here he saw a lot more rough policemen eating their lunch with their fingers, for they had no Faulkner spoon. Then the poor man cried, "My Guard, can I have no Bayliss?" And they said, "Yes." So he said, "Get me a Messenger, my Wallace is in my other clothes." So they did as he suggested, and let him go—and he was a Gladman forever after.

# Jokes

Mary Cunningham took her first school walk the other day. She denies this statement, however, on the grounds that she trotted all the way, and thus triumphantly insists that she has not broken her record of never having taken a school walk at M. V. S.

Our Motto: "Keep your shirt on."

Our idea of an optimist is one who takes housewifery.

New Postman to Miss Barber: "Is there a collection here on Sunday?"

Miss Barber to New Postman: "Yes, it goes to the 'Lend-A-Hand' Society."

Miss Messenger: "Why are you so far behind in your studies, dear?"

Innocence: "So I can pursue them better."

Comment: It's all right to begin at the bottom except when you're learning to swim.

She was only a millionaire's daughter, but—oh my goodness, isn't that enough?





# Vernon Wocky

(*With profound apologies to Lewis Carroll*)

'Twas brumley, and the sigel jones
Did horst and kimball in the rice;
All mimi were the grosvenors,
And the mim-wraths out-price.

"Beware the Vernon wock, my son!
The Lloyds that bite, the dawes that catch!
Beware the jeffery-bird and shun
The gallagher bagbysnatch!"

He took his walker sword in hand:
Longtime the fitton foe he sought—
Then counciled he by the thom-thom tree,
And fished awhile in thought.

And as in ackley thought he stood,
The Vernon wock with eyes of flame,
Came elting through the ludlum wood,
And burnamed as it came!

One, two! one, two! and through and through
The walker blade went hencken-kleps!
He left it dead—and then he fled
With firm dixonphing steps.

"And has thou slain the Vernon wock?
Come to my arms, my pierless boy,
O crabbjous day, Mac-who-can lay."
He slausoned in his joy.

'Twas brumley and the sigel jones
Did horst and kimball in the rice;
All mimi were the grosvenors,
And the mim-wraths out-price.





# Athletic Program for Today

| | |
|---|---|
| *Seniors* . . . . . | Relax one hour in cloister. |
| *Juniors* . . . . . | Answer last four months' mail. |
| *Yellows* . . . . . | No required exercise to-day. |
| *Whites* . . . . . | May either take pictures or make fudge in Domestic Science room. |

Oh: "What's the matter with Edna to-day?"

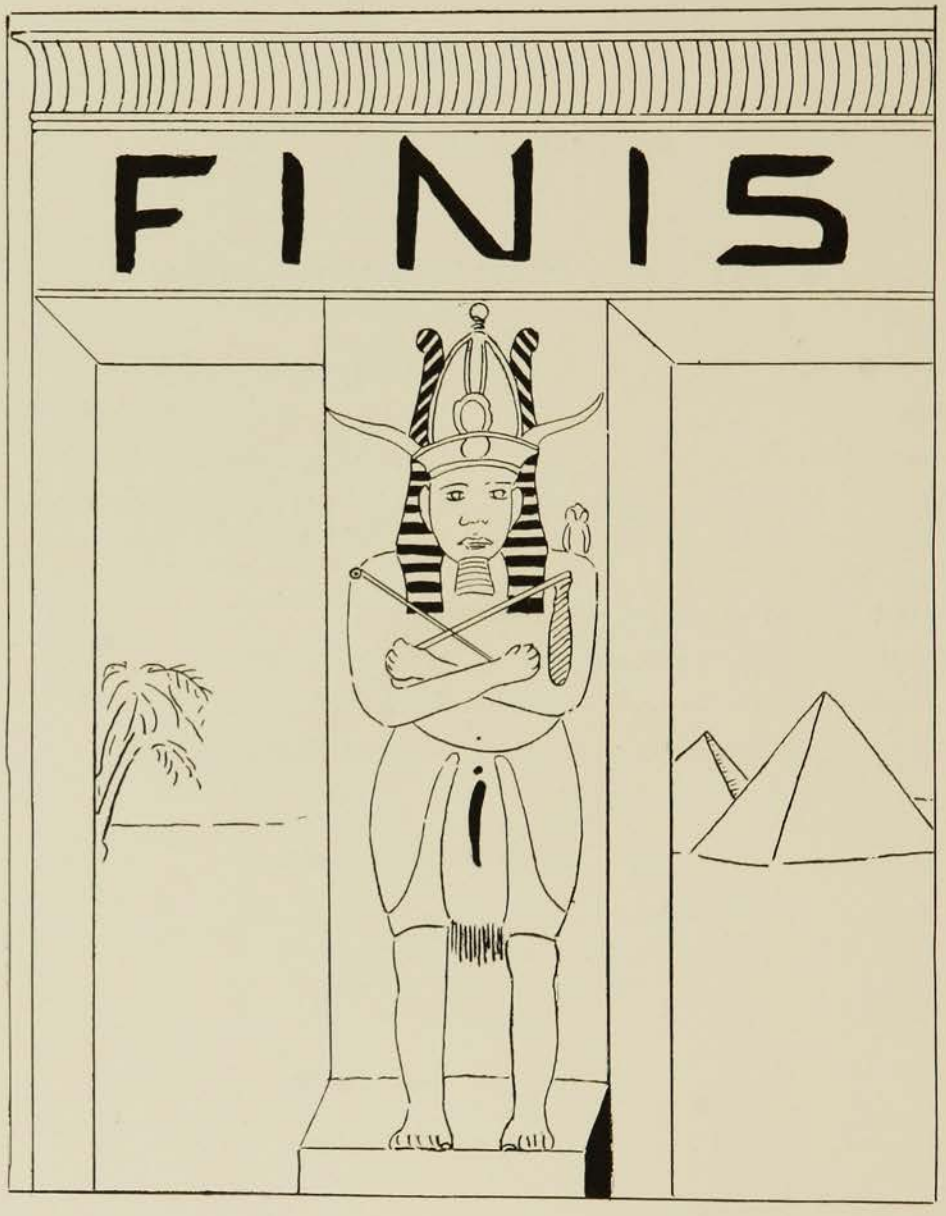
My: "Joandice, I presume."

Janie: "What's the price of cookies in Germany?"

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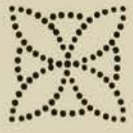
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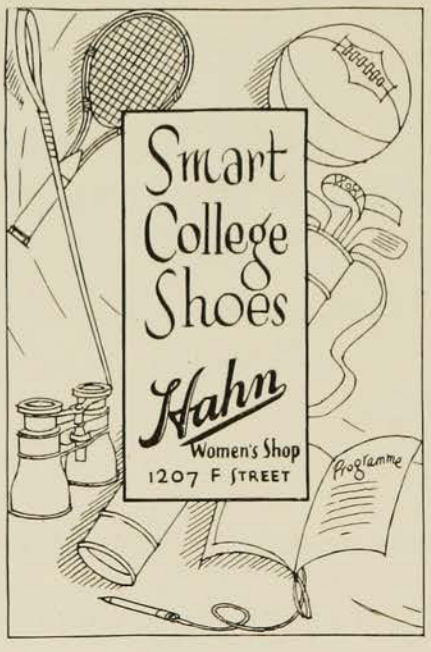
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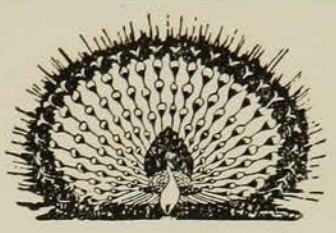
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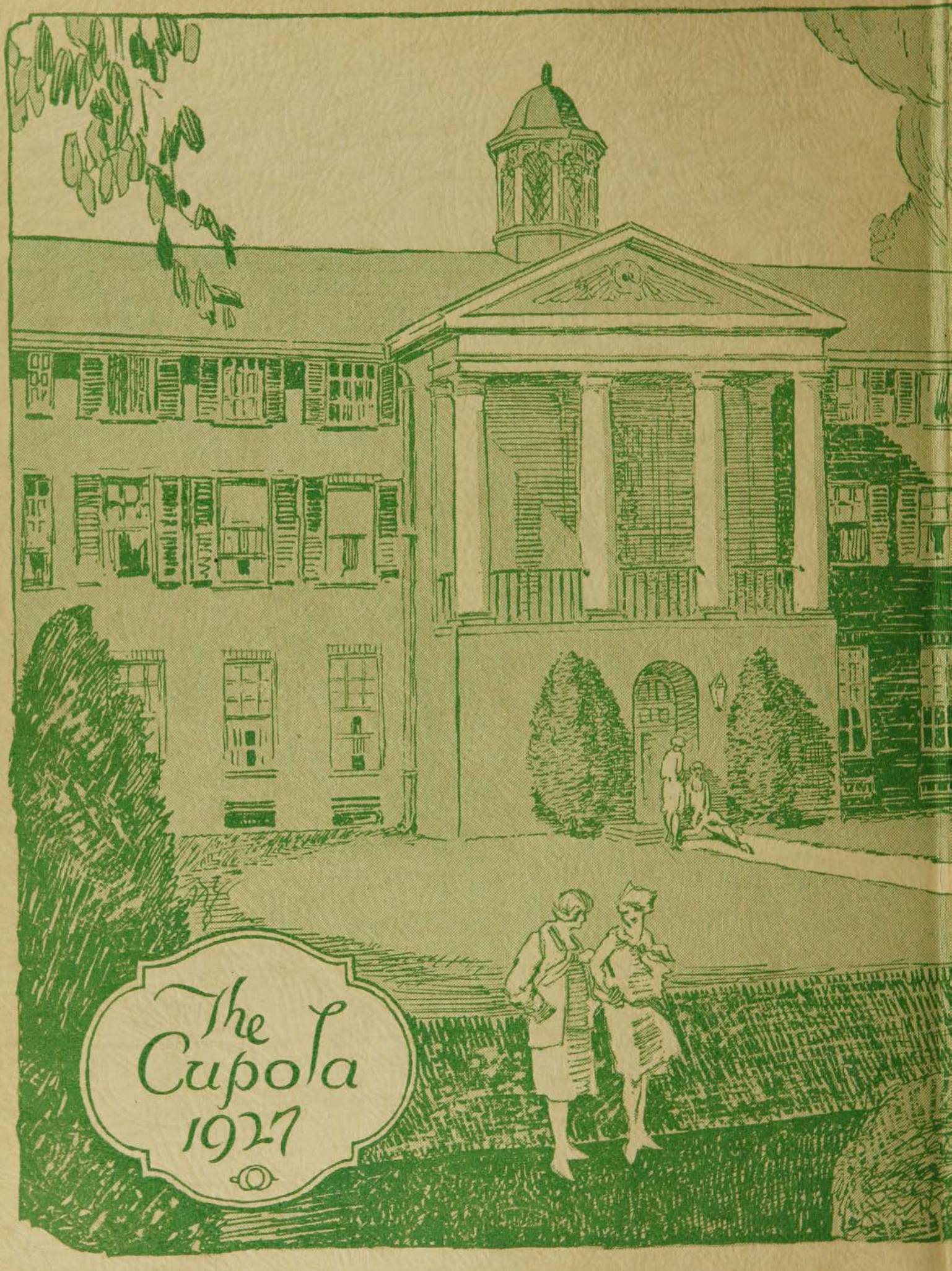
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